C-221-5-6

E W Branscombe 1902

Northern Messenger

KILLAMS MILLS
NB

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 7. MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 14, 1902. 50 Cts. Per An. Postpaid.

Publishers' Note.

While the 'Northern Messenger' continues to have sixteen pages it will be found to form two complete papers. The inner one, headed 'Boys and Girls,' will consist exclusively of juvenile Sunday reading while the outer one will endeavor to supply family reading as heretofore. The paper is so arranged that, if desired, the inner double sheet can be slipped, before cutting, from the outer one and each part be read separately from the other.

Converted in Prison.

('Mission Dayspring.')

A remarkable story is told by a lady connected with the English Church Missionary Society in Japan, about a Japanese who was found guilty of the murder of his aunt. Though convicted, he appealed to a higher court and was kept in prison for a year. In some way a New Testament in Japanese came into his hands, and he read it over and over again. The first effect was to make him see what a sinner he was, and how God was displeased with him. He asked earnestly that he might see some Christian teacher, and when his wife was allowed to visit him, he sent out the request that some one who knew about the Christian religion might come and tell him more about it. The prison chaplain was a Buddhist and did not know anything about Christianity, but this prisoner's wife found a catechist whom she begged to go and see her husband. For two months this catechist, whose name was Murata San, was allowed to visit the prisoner once or twice a week. We give the rest of the story as it is told in the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer.'

'Murata San found a man whose heart had been wonderfully opened to the things of God, and his only teacher had been the New Testament. His first question was—what is meant by "coming short of the glory of God?" Almost immediately on seeing Murata San he asked for baptism. Murata San asked him what he knew of prayer. He replied that the only prayer he knew was that which he had found in St. Matthew vi., (the Lord's Prayer) and he always prayed that; he knew no other. Murata San was much impressed by his knowledge of Scripture. When teaching him about sin and its consequences, or God's love and salvation, the man would say, "Yes, I remember; that is in such and such a chapter." He was deeply convinced of sin, and of God's righteousness in judging sin, and his love toward the Lord Jesus Christ for suffering for sin was very real. Knowing that the broken law of his country demanded his death, and that there was no escape, made him see, in contrast, God's most gracious loving-kindness in providing a way of pardon for the breakers of his law. His letters to his teacher, Murata San, were full of gratitude.

'Finally, the governor of the prison allowed him to be baptized. The day at first thought of for his baptism turned out to be the day fixed for his execution. He was not told this; he only heard that there was a difficulty, so he was baptized the day previous. Prisoners in Japan do not know the day of their execution; they only know when the last morning comes by being roused to an early breakfast, and they are then almost immediately taken to execution. A special guard is set over them during their last night.

'Murata San was not allowed to be there for the end, but the guard told him the particulars afterwards. He said that the prisoner, after sleeping quietly for a few hours, suddenly awoke, and put his hands together and prayed. After sleeping, he awoke again, and said, "Jesus has come," and once more prayed. In the morning, on being aroused early, he knew for the first time that his end was near. At first he seemed somewhat overcome, but on being asked if he had any request to make, he said, "I am a Christian and should like to be buried by Christians." Many prisoners get into a fearful condition as they are being led out to die, but this man walked calmly to the scaffold and prayed, and as the drop went down he was repeating, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." All who saw him were very much astonished, and said that the Christian religion must have some great power in it to transform a man in so wonderful a fashion.

'Another prisoner requested Murata San to visit him, and, when the catechist went, the Buddhist priests all came to hear the secret of the change which had been wrought in the executed murderer.'

A JAPANESE BUDDHIST PRIEST AT WORSHIP.

Victorian India Orphan Society

Winnipeg, Jan. 27.—Mrs. Crichton, secretary-treasurer of the Victorian India Orphan Society writes to the 'Messenger':—

'The following extracts give incidents which have recently occurred in connection with our Orphanage work at Dhar, Central India, and are very interesting as showing some of the many gratifying results that are attending the work, and bringing us into nearer touch and sympathy with the faithful workers in that distant land who are so nobly fulfilling our Master's last command to his followers.

'We had a visit in Dhar of His Highness the Maharajah and Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda; they are amongst the most enlightened of all the native chiefs in India, and have together visited England several times and travelled extensively over the European Continent; the last time they were in England they lunched with our late beloved Queen.

'Their object in coming to Dhar was to engage their daughter to our little Rajah; however some hitch occurred by which the proceedings were hindered for the present at least. When they came, I was invited to go to the Girls' School and receive Her Highness the Maharani, and also was asked to bring my girls to the State School, both of which I did; she heard the girls sing, read, saw their work, etc. The next day I was

again asked to bring them, so that the Maharajah might see them with the other girls; all the high caste girls were placed at one side of the school and my girls at the far end from them. His Highness was more thorough in his examination than the Maharani had been, but my poor girls were so nervous their voices could not be heard as they began to read. He asked them if they could tell him the story of something they had read; this they could do, and one of them, Louki, told the story of the Prodigal Son very beautifully. It was a rare sight to see! A little ignorant Bhil Christian girl standing before the Maharajah of Baroda, before our own little Rajah and all the State officials, telling that Bible story, and when she finished up with "So also does our heavenly Father receive us," I could not restrain my tears.'

This was quickly followed by a note to the missionary, from the superintendent of Dhar State, saying that, 'His Highness the Maharajah Sayaji Ros Gaikwar of Baroda was much delighted to see your Girls' School, and has been pleased to give to the Institution a donation of fifty reals; I have great pleasure in sending herewith the amount for your acceptance.'"

During the famine of 1897 the sufferings of the poor people from the want of water were, if possible, even more intense than from the want of food, so one of the first pieces of work which the boys were set to do, was to dig a large well to procure a good supply of water for the Orphanage; this well, which is 13 feet in diameter and over 40 feet deep, with about five or six feet of water in it, is referred to in the next extract under date of Sept. 24, 1901. "When I went over to the Girls' Orphanage some were drawing water and others watering the garden and trees, others gathering corn to cook for the next day, and some cleaning grain; a happier, busier lot of girls it would be difficult to find. I joined those who were gathering the corn, when, suddenly, a cry went up, "Kessie has fallen into the well!" Three of the girls had been drawing water by means of a large tin attached to a rope around a windlass; the one in the middle had reached over to pull the tin when she overbalanced and fell headlong into the well; Jamnia, the biggest girl, immediately let down the tin and kept calling out, "Take hold of the rope!" At times all seemed still, and we feared Kessie was gone,—again we would hear the cry from the bottom, "I am dying! I am dying!" By this time it was quite dark and we could not see; a lantern was brought and held at the mouth of the well, but no good seemed to result; one girl took off her "sari," and let the lantern down as far as she could with it; some ran for help, and many men came, but brought nothing to help us; meanwhile Jamnia kept calling out and throwing the rope in all directions as well as she could; at last, we heard the cry, "Pull!" and we did. What a precious load! And yet we feared the rope might break; but soon we saw the girl clinging to it with both hands, the tin full of water, about 10 feet below her. How eagerly she was grasped and pulled on to the platform! She is an excellent swimmer, and this, under Providence, saved her life; after exclaiming, "God has saved me!" Kessie swooned away and a quantity of blood and water came from her mouth. It was a terrible scene, almost all the girls crying at the top of their voices. It seemed as if I had lived weeks! After we had well rubbed the poor girl and put dry clothes on her, I tried to give thanks in the presence of all, but it was more than I could do audibly, except in sobs. Kessie must have been in the water between twenty minutes and half-an-hour.'

We are glad to say that later tidings from the dear lady missionary were to the effect that Kessie had entirely recovered, though for some days after the accident she lay in a sort of stupor.

The boys and girls in this Canadian Orphanage at Dhar, Central India, are receiving careful industrial training from competent native Christian teachers under the supervision of a Canadian missionary, the cost of maintaining and educating each child being $17.00 a year; further particulars of this work, which has been wonderfully successful, can be obtained from Mrs. Crichton, the secretary-treasurer of the Society, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg.

[For the 'Messenger.'

English Education in India.

SOME INFORMATION WHICH WILL INTEREST OUR POST-OFFICE CRUSADERS.

In reply to the many questions that are asked me regarding English education in India, a few ideas gathered from books and the many papers and magazines so kindly mailed from the East, may be of value. A Mohammedan lady sends me the most beautiful letters written in such perfect English that I am at times ashamed to reply. Some who have seen these letters are amazed at the clever word painting of this far off correspondent.

In 1835 it was decided that the higher branches of literature and science should be taught in English in the colleges, when, for fifty-three years previous, only the Oriental languages were used.

Government schools of a superior character were established in every district for secondary education in English, but in the primary classes, the languages of the country only were still taught.

The 'filtering down system' was not a success, and it is due to the missionaries, who, like our Saviour, are always willing to begin at the bottom, that English education is fast assuming its proper sphere.

A lately returned missionary tells me that gradually it will embrace all the people.

English culture in India has placed native gentlemen of 'proved merit and ability' in a position to conduct the greater part of the civil administration. Nearly all the lesser magistrates are natives and a large proportion of the judges. Each year, the every day machinery of rule, grows stronger in the hands of the natives. 'The Brahmin community in Bengal,' says an Indian educationist, 'has made much progress in female education. The Brahmin are extremely backward as regards female education but foremost as regards the education of males. The missionary societies opened the first schools for girls.'

'Owing to the want of funds,' says a writer in the 'Indian Ladies' Magazine,' 'the government has been hampered in its efforts to promote female education.' The lead in female education, however, is taken by the enterprising Parsee community and the native Christians are not far behind.

In an interesting article by a native lady on 'Social Intercourse between European and Indian Ladies,' this thought is expressed:

'It seems very difficult for Europeans to learn our vernaculur.' But, certainly, it is much easier for us to learn English. And, therefore, one of the chief duties of Indian men to their wives is to teach them English.

'There are five special colleges for women in India. The honors secured by females there afford a clear proof that the women of India when they are given the opportunity prove themselves in no way inferior in intellectual qualifications to their enlightened sisters of the West.'

In a very interesting article on 'The Education of Hindu Women,' by R. S. Sankran, Esq., B. A., there occurs these words:

'As general education in the England of Chaucer's days, and male education in India, so female education in India will spread from the poor.'

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, an Indian lady who graduated at Oxford, is said to wield the English language gracefully. She is the first Indian lady to enter the profession of law. She, too, holds Mr. Sankran's idea as regards making a fire below a pot in order to make water boil, not on top as was the purpose of certain Lords in England, when English was first taught in India.

To missionary societies and individuals who evidently are greatly interested in this subject, I most heartily recommend for study 'The Indian Ladies' Magazine,' published in English and edited by a native lady who is a well known author and poet in India. The contributors, with a few exceptions, are native men and women who are educated in English.

M. E. C.

P.S.—For missionary societies this magazine would be most valuable. Price, $1.50 a year. Send post-office order. Address:

'Indian Ladies' Magazine,'
Royapettah,
Madras,
India.

Orphans in India.

Some friends have written asking for information concerning the support of orphans in India. If they will write to Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg, they will get all information about the Canadian Orphanage at Dhar, Central India, where children are under the care of native Christian teachers superintended by a Canadian missionary.

The support of an orphan is, we believe, $17.00 a year.

Another friend asks for details concerning the support of Bible-women in India. Here is what a Canadian lady interested in missions says:

Missionaries, I know, like to have the Bible-women supported through the treasurers of the Boards in Canada. In our church we pay our Bible-women from $32.00 to $58.00 a year. For years my boy kept a native preacher who visited the villages. All we were asked for was $30.00 a year. Others were asked $50.00. The sum varies according to circumstances in India. I confess I am a little in the dark as to just what is required. I find that people want frequently to send papers where there are natives in touch with their own denominations even when sending undenominational papers.

In the case of Presbyterians wishing to support a Bible-woman, very naturally they would want the money used where a Bible-woman is engaged by missionaries of their own denomination, and this would be the case with almost every church.

We would suggest that in cases where people would like to support in particular a Bible reader of their own denomination they should apply to their own minister for instructions.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

Baldwin, Wis., Jan. 31, 1902.

Dear Sirs,—We received the Bible, it is very nice, and I thank you very, very much for it. We gave it to my little sister for my brother had one and she had not. Yours respectfully, MACIE LEIMKUHLER.

BOYS AND GIRLS

When Mary Saw.

(George Ade, in 'Youth's Companion.')

The pavilion for the babies is built at the water's edge in Lincoln Park, Chicago. One end of it is on stilts which are knee-deep in the water of Lake Michigan. The pavilion has a roof but no side walls. Every breeze that ripples the endless blue of the lake is welcome. On a hot summer day dozens and dozens of hammocks are strung from post to post in the deep shade of the roof. The hammocks are full of babies.

The floor sprawls with them. Babies toddle about, colliding with one another, and sometimes they fall over on their backs and lie in contentment so that the nurses carrying medicine to the sick babies in the hammocks must step over them. White babies and black babies and some that prattle in German, or Polish, or Bohemian crowd together at the railing, where the slices of sunshine come in, and look with large eyes at the broad lake where the boats are tipping up and down.

The fresh-air pavilion was built by public subscriptions. The milk which the babies drink, the hammocks in which they lie and the clean frocks into which they are thrust, sometimes under protest, are provided by the people of Chicago. The sanitarium, as it is called sometimes, has a volunteer medical staff. Physicians and surgeons take time from their duties at the office buildings and give their services, free of charge, to the babies.

Thus Doctor Fielding, a specialist in diseases of the eye, roamed among the hammocks one day. In one hammock he found Mary Levenska, a year old and small for her age. He put out one finger, and the groping little hand closed around it.

'Can the baby see anything at all?' he asked.

Mrs. Levenska, who was sitting beside the hammock, looked up with a frightened smile.

'Yes,—a lamp,' she answered, in the doubtful manner of one who knows but little English.

'Always been the same—always blind?'

'Always just like—you see.'

She was a thin, sunburnt woman, with high cheek-bones, and her hair, which was parted with care, gathered itself in a tight wisp at the back of her head. A ragged shawl was thrown across one shoulder. Her print gown was faded but clean.

The baby held to the doctor's forefinger, and the doctor, looking at the baby, and not at the mother, asked many questions. He learned that the Levenskas lived in 'Alleytown,' a region shut off from cleanliness and light by the factories and warehouses along the sluggish north branch of the river. Mary's father was a day-laborer. He had been out of work for over a month. Mary had whimpered and cried among the stuffy bedclothes, and so the mother had brought her to the lake for fresh air and sleep.

The doctor knelt beside the hammock and lifted the pink lids. He nodded his head and said, 'Just as I thought.'

Mary's mother was watching him dumbly.

'You have no money?' he asked. 'You never took her to a doctor to have him look at her eyes?' Mrs. Levenska shook her head. He smiled and said, 'I see.'

They were poor people, and therefore at his mercy. He told Mrs. Levenska to bring the baby to his office on Thursday afternoon at two o'clock. She promised.

Doctor Fielding spoke to the matron before he went away: 'I'm going to try and do something for that blind baby. I saw another case just like it, in Berlin.'

'Doctor Fielding, do you think—?'

'I never make promises. There's a chance, however.'

The matron hurried to Mrs. Levenska, and told her to be sure to go to the doctor's office on Thursday. The doctor went home and told his wife about the blind baby.

'I've wanted a chance to experiment on a case of that kind,' he said.

Mrs. Fielding was seldom interested in her husband's work, but this time she insisted in being in the office when Mrs. Levenska came on Thursday afternoon. She took the blind baby in her arms, and began to blink at Mrs. Levenska.

'I told you not to come in here,' said the doctor. Then, for the first time, he told Mrs. Levenska that he was going to put the knife to the baby's eyes.

'I can't promise that it will do any good,' he said. 'Do you understand? Are you willing?'

Mrs. Levenska looked first at the doctor and then at his wife, and her lower lip trembled. Mrs. Fielding patted her on the shoulder.

'Keep her away from here,' said the doctor to his wife, and Mrs. Levenska was led away. Doctor Raymond had been waiting in the inner office. What happened in the back room is for books of surgery.

After an hour, Mrs. Levenska was brought back to the office. Doctor Fielding sat on the sofa coddling the baby, whose eyes were bound about with bandages.

'It's all right,' he whispered.

'Then you think—' began his wife.

'I don't know anything about that part of it. I can't tell yet. You see we haven't hurt the baby very much, Mrs. Levenska. Maybe we've done it some good. I hope so. But you must keep this baby in a dark room for ten days. Do you understand?'

DOCTOR FIELDING SAT CODDLING THE BABY.

Mrs. Levenska nodded eagerly. The doctor sat beside her, and told her over and over again how the bandages were to be changed. He warned her that she must not allow any strong light to fall on the baby's eyes.

'I'm afraid she doesn't understand,' said Doctor Raymond, nervously.

Doctor Fielding smiled at his younger associate and said, 'I'll risk it. She has more at stake than we have.'

Then Mrs. Levenska carried the baby back to 'Alleytown,' and Mrs. Fielding went to the fresh-air pavilion in the park to tell the matron of what had happened. The well-meaning matron confided the story to a newspaper reporter who came to the pavilion every day to gather stories about the children. The reporter put the story into a morning newspaper—of how Doctor Fielding had found Mary, of how he had performed the operation, of how the members of the staff at the fresh-air home were waiting in the hope that after the days had elapsed and the bandages had been removed, little Mary would see.

Doctor Fielding read the paper at breakfast. 'Now who did that?' he demanded. 'I don't like it. How do we know what the results are going to be? It was merely an experiment. Oh pshaw!' No wonder he was annoyed. He was an eye specialist, and they were trying to make him a hero.

That evening the letters began to come. They came from town and country, and most of them were from women. The letters helped to distress Doctor Fielding, who counted himself a hard, matter-of-fact man. He believed in surgery, but not in sentiment.

'I have a baby of my own, and I can understand how thankful that mother must be for your kindness to her little one,' wrote one woman. In another letter it said, 'We are praying for the blind baby,' and there was an enclosure of two dollars for the Levenska family. Some of the letters were from little children. 'We read about the blind

baby, and we all hope you will cure her,' and three children signed their names and the last of the name was a mere baby scrawl.

From the number of letters arriving by every mail the doctor learned that the 'Alleytown' baby had become the one object of public concern. He fretted in his office, and wondered why this responsibility had been put upon him. In this uneasiness, he wandered over to 'Alleytown' to see if directions were being followed.

In 'Alleytown' the small wooden houses are huddled end to end, two houses on one building lot. One house fronts on a 'street,' which is usually muddy and unpaved. The rear house meets the narrow alley, and the alley is made to do service as a street. Doctor Fielding picked his way along this dismal chute, through droves of romping children.

The hot smell of boiling dinners blew from the open doors and windows. The ground between the squatty houses was black and cindery. Women peeked out at him from behind the painted curtains. A thought came to him that supposing the baby could see, what was there to look at but the unpainted huts and the dreary smoke-wall of the factories?

He found Mrs. Levenska on duty. The inner room was closed and darkened. She sat at the crib, fanning the baby. He gave his finger to the baby, and talked with Mrs. Levenska for a few minutes. After all, there was nothing to be done for a while. He went back home to be annoyed by new letters which called down blessings on him.

He did not go to 'Alleytown' again until it came time for him to look at the baby's eyes. He knelt beside the crib, and put his head down close to the baby's face. After arising, he put out his finger and allowed the baby to hold it.

'I'll tell you, Mrs. Levenska,' he said, 'you might leave them off for an hour or so, but don't let any more light into the room. Take them off for an hour or two to-morrow. Next day, that's Tuesday, put on all the bandages very carefully, and bring her to my office—Tuesday, ten o'clock.'

On the way out he met a bearded man in blue overalls talking to three bareheaded women. The man was Mary's father. One of the women followed him, hesitatingly, and asked, 'How's the baby?'

'We must wait awhile,' replied the doctor. He nodded pleasantly at the ragged boys who jumped out of his way, and stared at him as he hurried through 'Alleytown.' They observed that he seemed to be in good humor.

As soon as he reached home he told his wife that the baby would be brought over on Tuesday.

'I've been thinking,' he added, 'I want you and the matron to be here. Supposing the baby can see well enough to distinguish the larger objects in the room, I wonder if she could tell which was which—if you and the matron were here, too. You understand that she was born blindfolded, as you might say. We cut away the blindfold, and we hope—I say we hope—that the eyes are all right. It's pretty hard to say what's going to happen. Of course, even if she is able to see, she will have no impression of distance at first, and I'm not sure that she will be able to distinguish one object from another. You have the matron come over.'

From the moment the doctor spoke these words, Mrs. Fielding knew that he was confident of his case.

She and the matron sat at the window on Tuesday morning and waited. The doctor had warned them to ask no more questions.

'Why, there's a carriage,' said Mrs. Fielding.

'She's coming in a carriage,' said the doctor. 'Pull down all the blinds.'

At the front door he lifted the baby from Mrs. Levenska's arms and asked, 'How has she been?'

'Oh, still, sir.'

'That's good. Now I'm going to put her in this chair in the corner. You three women sit over there. Keep away! I'll take care of her.'

The shades being drawn, there was a mild and filtered light in the little room. Doctor Fielding put the baby in the soft pocket of a big chair, and laid a bright-colored rattle in her lap, within easy reach. He shook his finger at the women, and slowly unwound the bandages.

As the last one was removed, the baby gave a simper of pain, winked rapidly, and covered her head as if to avoid the sudden light. She remained crouched against the light for several moments, and Doctor Fielding still shook his finger at the three women, who sat, pale and tremulous, biting their lips.

While the baby was thus bent forward, one hand was seen to move falteringly toward the bright-colored toy. Then the baby took hold of it.

There was another wait in dead silence, and the doctor whispered, 'Mary, Mary.'

The baby slowly lifted her face to the light, and the lids moved convulsively. Then there was a cry of yearning, and the baby held both arms toward her mother.

Mrs. Levenska, unnatural mother! She did not rush to her child. She screamed and slipped forward to her knees, her face in her hands. Mrs. Fielding, forgetting all promises to her husband, fell into the matron's arms and began to sob. The matron put a handkerchief to her eyes and wept quietly.

As for the doctor, he maintained that there were no tears in his eyes. His wife tells that he carried Mary up and down the room, blubbering mildly, and saying over and over, 'All right, little girl, you see as well as anybody's baby.'

Improve Yourselves.

If people only knew the value of time! A half hour each day steadily given to the vanquishing of some real books in history, science, literature, is three hours a week, is more than twelve hours a month, is more than twelve solid days, of twenty-fours each, a year. What cannot the busiest person accomplish by such seizure of the fragments of time! Oh, if the young people only knew the culture possible for them by such simple means! And it is always the man who knows who gets to be the man who does, and to whom the chance for doing comes. Merely frittering away one's leisure—a lifetime devoted only to that, how pitiably sad! No ship drifts into harbor. No young person drifts into an achieving manhood or womanhood. Take time for improving yourself!—'Word and Work.'

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER VII.—THE BOYS AND THEIR MOTHER.

The dreaded paragraph, not very differently worded from that which Mr. Lawrence had drawn up in his mind on the morning he was taken ill, did appear in due time in the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle,' for there had not been anyone to call at the office and request the editor to withhold it. And the licensed victuallers had declared it was 'nuts' for them, and had well and thoroughly exhibited it to their best customers, and in their bar parlors; and the beer-shop keepers, and drink-selling grocers, all of them 'birds of a feather,' had plumed themselves on their respectable alliance with the rector and the minister.

But there was also another paragraph respecting Mr. Lawrence that same week in the local paper, which had not been previously arranged in any busy brain, and it ran as follows:—'We regret to learn that the Rev. Albert Lawrence, the popular and genial Wesleyan Superintendent, is seriously ill of brain fever. We are sure his family and the Connexion will have the sympathy of their fellow-townsmen.'

Mr. Lawrence's illness silenced for the time a great many voices that were ready to denounce him, but there were low mutterings even now that threatened an approaching storm. Some waited to see how near he was to the eternal silence, before they spoke. Others, who would have been overwhelmed with grief had no circumstance happened to lessen their respect, regarded this illness as nothing less than a judgment on him, for his wilful deception and shameless conduct.

It is quite certain that no one else was so much to be pitied as his wife. There was no secret between them now. The doctor's questions on the morning her husband's illness began had made her recall the hour before his illness manifested itself. Was it possible there was anything in the paper which affected him?

When he was comfortably in bed, and she was installed as his nurse, giving over to Muriel the care of the family, she looked about in the sitting-room for the paper which he had not read to her. It was nowhere to be found. She guessed, with painful misgivings, that he must have hidden it purposely. Curiosity and pain were blended now in her mind. She must have that particular newspaper. She returned to his room. He was dozing, and she could not ask him for it. It must be in his pocket. She looked and found it. She was too good a nurse to expose her sick husband to the rustling, crackling noise of folding and unfolding the large pages of a daily paper, so she laid it down on the dressing table, conscious that she would rather peruse it openly in his presence when he was awake, than seem to do it surreptitiously. But as she laid it down, the advertisement of the 'Rara Avis Brewery Co.' caught her eye, and the long list of shareholders. How was it she had never guessed this before? She knew it all now, even before she read the names of the rector and her husband. No wonder he had broken down, poor, poor Albert! She might have felt a religious indignation against him if he had been well; but wifely pity, tender compassion for all he must have suffered, conquered every other emotion now.

Why had she been so cowardly as to shrink from questions, when her suspicions were first awakened?

She generously blamed herself, in order to screen her husband from blame. But the children, and especially the boys! It was terrible for them to know that their father had done wrong, and that even she, dearly as she loved him, could not, dare not justify his conduct. Had Mr. Adair tempted him? The rector certainly ought to have known better than to set such a bad example to his parishioners. But every thought of blame towards Mr. Adair came back with renewed power against her husband. The clergyman had never been so thoroughly pronounced a teetotaller as Mr. Lawrence; where one teetotaller would be aggrieved at the rector's action, a score would be utterly confounded and aghast at that of Mr. Lawrence. He had been such a tower of strength to them. In what possible form could this peculiar and unexpected temptation have met him?

Mrs. Lawrence, after a very painful time, when her only comfort was to take her burdened heart and pour its troubles out before her God, decided upon the course which her duty demanded. She at once took Muriel into her confidence. Muriel was so fond of her father that she was inclined to make excuses for him. and in her excuses, her mother found a strange comfort.

'Dear father,' said Muriel, 'I am afraid it must have been for our sake, to get money for us. I am afraid we have often troubled him, thinking aloud how nice it would be to have money to do this or that, and he could not bear to refuse us. I wish I had never been so silly.'

Mrs. Lawrence decided that the boys must be told, and it was arranged that after dinner, Muriel should keep watch in the sick-room, while the mother fulfilled the painful duty in the parlor. Never had Mrs. Lawrence felt so unwilling to undertake any task as this one. Her love for her husband was so true, so pure, and had been so confident and proud, that it felt almost treacherous to him to have to confess to his young sons, that he had done any action of which she could not approve, nor wish them to approve. She almost wished that they might begin about the matter with her, that they might have heard something in their office or shop or school life that morning; but it was not so. If anyone connected with them had seen the advertisement, nothing had been said to either Frank, Edward, Tom, or Charlie. Comparatively few of the inhabitants of Anyborough took the London papers. Children are born critics, but never before had Mrs. Lawrence occasion to dread the criticism of her children.

'My dear boys,' she said, and her voice was a little unsteady and her eyes filled, for there was pictured before her the sick-bed upstairs, and the form of her husband prostrate upon it in his weakness all the while she spoke, 'you know how ill your dear father is. Muriel has told you.'

'Yes, mother,' said impulsive Tom, 'we're awful sorry.'

'I am going to tell you something, because I think it is right you should know about it first from me; other people will soon hear of it, and I have no doubt you will hear your dear father blamed very much. I believe myself that he has not been happy about it, and that it has preyed upon him, and perhaps brought on this illness.'

Edward Lawrence tried to understand his mother's words. He was a serious, gentle boy to whom his father was additionally dear as his minister in spiritual things. That father's wrong doing, if it could be possible he had done wrong, must mean even more to him than to the others. He turned very pale and drew near his mother as she spoke. He could no longer bear the suspense.

'Will you tell us what it is, mother?'

'He took shares in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.'

'My father's a teetotaller;' cried Tom, 'he'd never do that; why, a baby Band of Hope boy would know he mustn't do that. There's some mistake, mother.'

'When was this, mother?' asked Frank.

Frank remembered how curiously his father had received his intelligence about Mr. Adair and that same brewery company months ago, and as was the lad's wont, he reasoned out the matter.

'I cannot tell you, dear.'

'Then didn't you know, mother? didn't father tell you at the time?' Frank asked.

'No, dear.'

'I should never have believed he could do such a thing and not tell you, mother.'

'Perhaps he meant to give me a surprise with the profit,' Mrs. Lawrence said, but her smile was a very sad one, and the boys were not for a moment at a loss to understand why.

'You wouldn't use the profit, if there was any, would you, mother?' said Charlie, emphatically, 'the profit ought to go to the drunkard's wives and children, hadn't it? I've heard father say, if brewers did what was right, they couldn't keep their money; it should support those whom they have ruined.'

'I believe it must be a mistake about father,' said Tom, 'he's ever so much too good to be half a brewer himself.'

Then Mrs. Lawrence took the newspaper which she had laid on the table beside her, and showed them the beloved name in that ugly list; and Frank and the others saw, too, the name of Mr. Adair, and the boy felt sure that his father must have held shares at the same time as he had been told that the clergyman had taken some.

'It's horrid,' he exclaimed; 'I said all sorts of things about Mr. Adair, and my own father is just as bad.'

'Hush! Frank,' said Edward, gently, 'we don't know his reasons.'

'There can't be any good reason for doing wrong,' said the youthful judge.

'Remember that for yourself,' said Tom, 'you do wrong, Frank, often enough.'

'Yes, but I am not going to say that wrong is right, for all that.'

'Remember mother,' said Edward Lawrence, softly, and the boys all looked at her. There could not be the shadow of a doubt that their talk wounded her, and yet could she desire that they should experience less horror and dislike of an action that she could not herself approve?

'It is mother's teaching that makes me feel it so wrong,' said Frank. 'Mother said we were never to compromise with wrong-doing, and it seems to me father has done that.'

'I shall wait till he is well again, and know all about it from himself,' decided Edward, 'it is unfair of us to judge him like this, while he lies ill upstairs, and cannot tell us anything.' Edward's words commended themselves to his brothers, and for a time their busy tongues were quiet. Their time too was not much longer their own, Edward and Frank were almost due at the office and in the shop; and school time would soon sound for Tom and Charlie. Yet Mrs. Lawrence felt that something remained to be said, something which it was well for them to listen to from their mother's lips.

'My sons,' she said, 'I am best satisfied to have told you this painful news myself, and though it grieves me to the heart to hear you condemn your beloved father, for his want of consistency; yet because I know how truly noble he is, spite of this one act that has disappointed us, I firmly believe that he himself would rather we were sorry, that this has been the cause of his failing health and his present illness, and that we cannot judge because we know so little, how difficult it may be for him to disentangle himself from his present position.'

'Why, of course, he can't!' said Tom, jumping to conclusions in one impetuous bound; 'I never thought of that, mother. It would be even more wicked to sell than to keep.'

The boys' faces were a study.

'Of course it would,' said Frank. 'Here's a mess; however can it be settled?'

'God will make "a way of escape," if we are honestly seeking it,' said the mother, with a sigh.

'Anyhow, it's dreadful for you, mother, and poor father ill, and everything,' said Tom, and he threw his strong young arms around her, and kissed her repeatedly, his eyes moist with tears. Tom's action was the signal for the expressed sympathy of the others, and though Mrs. Lawrence cried in the embrace of her young sons, her weeping relieved the oppression of her heart, and she felt hope revived, though she could scarcely have told why.

CHAPTER VIII.—'WILL YOU BELIEVE ME NOW?'

John Aylmer was newly appointed cashier at the Anyborough branch of the National and Provincial Banking Company. There were three banks in Anyborough, but the National and Provincial had a fair share of the business, which they carried on in a commodious and handsome stone building of modern architecture, abounding in various modern appliances, and lit with electric light, which was still a novelty both at Anyborough and the more aristocratic Threlfall.

Faithful service for seven years as clerk, together with his sterling integrity, strict sobriety, and obliging gentlemanly demeanor had led to this welcome advancement; but the young man was scarcely in such easy circumstances as his position would seem to imply. His father had for some years, during the boyhood of his sons, when there were no means for his support, been in a pauper lunatic asylum. Friends came forward who were willing to educate, and in a limited degree to help the brothers; but they had long since ceased to feel much interest in the drunken doctor, and simply let matters take their course.

But as soon as ever John Aylmer was earning his livelihood he determined to do something to improve the position of the father who had done so little for him, and to place him in greater comfort. It was a tax to the young man, especially heavy when he first undertook it, and he knew well it must handicap his social progress for years; but he never hesitated, because he clearly saw it to be his duty. His younger brother, Charles, formerly his constant companion, had chosen to seek his fortune as a sheep farmer in Australia. Of the other two, one was dead; the remaining one, his only sister, had received a very fashionable aristocratic education and training with her grandparents, and beyond an interchange of cards and kind wishes every Christmas, she never wrote to him. He informed her of any important change in his position, but it is almost impossible to feel very great interest in a correspondence which is all on one side, and Hetty Aylmer, pretty, petted, spoiled by the

rich relatives who had for years regarded her as their own, felt little sympathy for the brothers she had hardly known, and still less for the drunken father she had been taught to regard with loathing and abhorrence. If John Aylmer would have given up all care for his father, his grandfather and grandmother were willing to receive him at their house; but they refused all recognition of the ties which really bound them to him on any other basis. It was an extra drop in the sorrows that John Aylmer so keenly felt, that his grandfather's immense fortune which his sister used so freely for self-indulgence in her every whim, had been gained in that very brewery firm which was now merged into the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company,' Limited.

The National and Provincial Banking Company at Anyborough took daily copies of the London papers, as a matter of course. Where should the intelligence concerning the money market, the price of gold, the rates of consols, the share lists, all the various news from the city and from 'Change, be carefully studied, if not in the offices of bank managers?

Mr. Isaac, the manager, had the first reading of the papers, and very often he brought them himself into John Aylmer's office, and talked to him about the various items specially affecting them as bankers, which they contained. On the morning of that particular day, when the list of shareholders appeared, Mr. Isaac pointed out to John Aylmer in the 'Standard,' not that list, but the quotations of the share market, and said, rather sarcastically—

'Look there, Mr. Aylmer. What do you think of your temperance doctrines now? Who wouldn't be a shareholder in the 'Rara Avis?' They're actually quoting at 20. If 'tis a bubble, as some unbelievers imagined, it's a very pretty bubble, and it keeps up a long while. I shouldn't be sorry, if I had trusted it myself, and put in a few hundreds.'

John Aylmer shrugged his shoulders expressively.

'Of course, of course,' laughed Mr. Isaac. 'I know all about it; you are full of horror and pious indignation but you need not be. Your temperance men go in for large profits, even if it is from a brewery. Church clergymen and Methodist parsons, they're all in the same boat. They tell a man to-night to sign the pledge, and give up drinking beer, and to-morrow they clink in their pockets the profits of the beer-making. But it's poor policy; they'll bring down their profits if the fellows take their advice. Ha! ha!' and Mr. Isaac laughed heartily at what he regarded as a good joke indeed. He was a fresh-complexioned, well-featured man, but his expression was satirical, and his temperament naturally corresponded with his expression. His Jewish name led many to believe he was a Jew, spite of his lack of Jewish physiognomy; but he always expressed his own doubt of the fact, and frankly declared he was unable to trace his family for more than two generations, each of which claimed to be Gentiles. Mr. Isaac liked John Aylmer much more than the young man guessed; he admired his fearless avowal of Christian and temperance principles when occasion required and though he often sneered at his beliefs, he would have been sorry to see the young cashier less vigorous in maintaining them, or less genuine in his conviction of their truth. Mr. Isaac little guessed, however, the pain which his words gave the young man; John Aylmer had puzzled not a little at Mr. Lawrence's conduct, but he had never believed it could be so bad as this. He had been bitterly disappointed about Mr. Adair; but Mr. Lawrence, the man to whose spiritual ministrations he had been not a little indebted; whom he had delighted to recognize as a fellow worker in a cause that was very dear to him, and which he regarded as increasingly important; a minister of Christ's Gospel of self-denial, who had always publicly identified himself with the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks; he, a shareholder in a brewery; he, take part in tempting men to their destruction; on one hand profit by their indulgence, and on the other denounce strong drink as a temptation of the devil, and warn men and women to flee from such an accursed article. It must be impossible that anyone could play such a double part; could spoil his influence by such a debasing greed for gain. And was he not Muriel's father? As he thought of the home life of the Lawrences, of the zeal of all of them in temperance work, of the high tone of the family circle, the pure, true mother, the honesty of the father seemed beyond suspicion. And yet——. Mr. Isaac surely knew, or he would not have so spoken. Something of all these quickly-succeeding thoughts the manager saw, though John Aylmer was so silent, perhaps because he was so silent. He therefore turned about the paper in his hand, till he found the page he wanted, and pointed to the names of Mr. Adair and Mr. Lawrence, to justify his remarks.

'Will you believe me, now, Mr. Aylmer?' he said, as his thumb indicated, first one, and then the other, of the two ministers. 'I must', replied John Aylmer, bitterly; 'but believe me, Mr. Isaac, I would rather have lost my right hand than have had to believe this grievous, this abominable thing.'

'Now, don't be foolish, man; those words are much too strong.'

And again Mr. Isaac laughed. Then, seeing the grave, pained look that was unmistakable on John Aylmer's face, he added, in a different tone—

'Don't put your unbounded confidence in any man, John Aylmer; for, if you do, you'll know what heartache is. Here I am gossiping over a trifle like this, when I should be writing letters of the utmost importance. Now dismiss the minister and all the teetotal fanaticism from your head, and tell me what you have done about Findlay.'

Bank business compelled John Aylmer's close attention for quite a long while, and although he knew what had happened, by the dull weight at his heart that refused to be lifted, he yet could not spare time to actively think over the matter.

What a difference in his life the fact that Mr. Lawrence was a shareholder in a brewery inevitably made!

When he left the bank for his lodgings he felt positively weak, as though he had received a blow. He had intended to spend a part of that evening at the Lawrences; Muriel, had promised to teach him a new song, but he gave up the idea, and decided that he would spend the evening in reading. But thought was too busy; with a book in his hand, which he was bent on mastering, he found himself asking what motive could possibly have been strong enough to make the Wesleyan minister act a part for the sake of gain? Either Mr. Lawrence had never been a teetotaller at all in principle, or else profit was more to him than his honor and his belief. Would he ever be able to show himself in the pulpit again? If he did, he for one could never listen to his sermons with profit or pleasure. In those hours of miserable communing with himself, John Aylmer doubted all he had formerly trusted; perhaps Mr. Lawrence and Muriel knew well that these shares were purchased, and were content to have a portion of the 20 percent to procure what they desired. Yet Mrs. Lawrence's noble character, and the pure, innocent face of Muriel made him ashamed of himself for doubting them; surely their teetotalism was as genuine as his own.

Well, the least he could do was to hold himself aloof, to refrain from seeking their society, to show his disapproval of denouncing the drink, and at the same time making and selling it, as Mr. Lawrence had done. Had he? John Aylmer desired to be just, and he now reflected that Mr. Lawrence probably took those miserable shares in this 'Rara Avis Brewery Company' about the time that he had refused to take part in Mr. Cheer's mission, and since then he had done almost nothing for the temperance society in Anyborough, beyond paying his usual subscription. Chapel business had been his excuse, and it is certain that he had never been more actively engaged in his circuit than during the last twelve months.

Very drearily to John Aylmer the days passed on; he had never been so long without calling at the house of the minister, and no words could tell how he missed these social evenings he had hitherto enjoyed. He shrank from talking about Mr. Lawrence to anyone, and for that reason he stayed in his lodgings during his leisure hours as much as possible.

Then came the day for the issue of the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle.' He heard the boy ringing the bell in the street, and then, as was customary, he drew near, and knocked at the front door of his lodgings, and left a copy for him. His landlady brought it up to him before he had finished his tea, and left him to the undisturbed perusal of it. Almost the first paragraph that met his eye told him of the illness of the minister, and in another moment he saw what he knew he should see—a reference to Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Adair, in connection with the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.' Everybody would get to know it now. But Mr. Lawrence was at least not callous. What trouble they must be in, and how coldly and cruelly he had acted!

There was a wondrous revulsion of feeling in the heart of John Aylmer.

(To be continued.)

The People Who Lived Under a Log.

(By Charles E. Jenney, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Searching carefully in the grass near the trunk of a tree, the prince at length espied a trap door which yielded to his touch, and descending he found himself in a great underground castle, where strange creatures—spry elves and ugly goblins—darted hither and thither.' So read the tale adorned by the lively imagination of the author. The whole truth of the matter is as follows: The prince was a barefoot boy after a supply of worms for a fishing trip. The trap door was nothing more than an old half-decayed log that had lain on its flat side for years; the opening of it was accomplished by rolling the log over; and the elves and goblins were the creeping and hopping things that scurried about for shelter when they found their roof lifted off.

You sniff your nose in disdain or disgust now that you know the plain facts of the case, you reader, who had expected to enjoy

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

Another Chance

(By Sally Campbell, in 'The Wellspring.')

It was raining; not in a soft, inconspicuous way, but in angry gusts. And night was coming on.

'Blindman's holiday!' cried Augusta Lawton, pushing her books away from her and rising to her feet, with a yawn. 'And a deluge! I am going visiting before the bogies get me.'

She ran along the corridor to the room at the end and knocked.

'Come in,' said a lazy voice. 'Who is it? Anybody that has to have the best place?'

'I leave that to your conscience.'

'Sit down anywhere,' said Judy McArthur, not budging from the divan, 'and save me from the blues. Did you ever know a horrider afternoon?'

'Judy,' said Augusta, taking a chair beside her, 'you may as well wake up at once. I came on business.'

'An afternoon tea?' inquired Judy. 'Or a new waist?'

'Don't be frivolous. Who do you suppose was with me at Aunt Howard's over Sunday?'

'Who was?'

'Miss Roberta Stone, our beloved professor.'

'Oh, you poor thing!' cried Judy. 'While I was rejoicing that we didn't have her it never occurred to me that you did. That is the worst of her sort, they always have to be somewhere.'

'Aunt Howard loves her, dearly,' said Augusta.

Judy turned round on her cushions and stared.

'What for?' she asked.

'Because once, four or five years ago, when Aunt Howard was ill and alone in strange lodgings abroad, Roberta Stone found her out and devoted herself to her. She gave her hours of time and the loveliest attentions, was a sunbeam and a cordial and all those things, and it was not until long afterwards that Aunt Howard heard that she was working like a slave the whole time to fit herself to teach. It was just at the beginning of Mr. Stone's troubles and nobody knew. Aunt Howard thought that Roberta was a lily of the field. She says that it was fine proof of a strong, unspoiled, unselfish nature.'

'Are you sure,' said Judy, slowly, 'that we are speaking of the same person?'

'We are. And Aunt Howard is a very wise woman.'

'What was she like?'

'Roberta? She was nice; thoroughly, painfully nice. I felt like Guy Fawkes.'

'Did she not indulge in her peculiar vein of humor?'

'Never once.'

'Nor ever in outright spitefulness?'

'No.'

'Well, it is very extraordinary,' said Judy.

'When Mr. Stone died,' said Augusta, 'they were wretchedly poor. Roberta has supported the family, ever since. Her mother is a frail breath of a woman, and her little sister is lame. They have nobody but Roberta, and they both think that nobody else is so clever or so good. I also feel like Herod the Great.'

'My dear Augusta,' said Judy, sitting up straight and speaking with vigor, 'I know just what you are going to say, and you needn't talk to me. No matter how harrowing a tale it is, it doesn't change the fact that two or three hundred girls a year ought not to have their education ruined (one branch of it at least) by bad teaching. Roberta Stone can't teach.'

'She has the best kind of a diploma,' ventured Augusta.

'And the worst kind of results. She may be a prodigy, but she is not an instructor. How much Greek have you learned this year, —I mean, that you have not learned in spite of her?'

Augusta sighed.

'The greatest good of the greatest number has to be considered,' Judy went on. 'It is very sad indeed about the lame child and the breath of a mother, but there are a great many mysterious and tragic things in life. What is the use of being a college junior if you can't be logical and dispassionate? Her

SOMEONE KNOCKED AT THE DOOR.

class is bedlam; nobody can recite to her. She snaps off every idea you ever had on the subject. I feel it more on account of Amy Coulter.'

'Amy Coulter!' repeated Augusta, with a laugh. 'You can't blame Miss Stone that Amy doesn't excel.'

'Yes, I can. Amy and I were in the mountains together this summer. I gave her the greatest amount of good advice, and I was beginning to hope that she would take some of it. You know Greek is her nearest approach to a strong point. She actually learned her lessons for a week or two, when we first came back, but Miss Stone very effectually put a stop to it. Miss Stone ought to go. We are doing exactly right to try to get rid of her. There! "dixi,"' and Judy fell back in her old comfortable place.

'Well, then, let me,' said Augusta. 'I have been considering Miss Stone since I was with her for two days and especially since Aunt Howard talked about her. Let's put a s'posin' case! Suppose that Roberta Stone, for all her brains and resolutions, is shy; that, when she was first put face to face with a crowd of girls not much younger than she, she was terribly frightened and tried to cover it up by—by'—

'Easy satire,' suggested Judy. 'She certainly covered it up; she never has seemed fluttered nor timid.'

'And suppose,' Augusta went on, 'that, having made an unfortunate beginning, she hasn't been able to retrieve herself. You know how natural that is. You know such mistakes are made. And if it is a mistake, if Roberta Stone, besides being uncommonly brilliant, has it in her to teach under favorable auspices, wouldn't it be worth while to give her another chance?—for the greatest good of the greatest number, not to speak of the good of poor Mrs. Stone and Lorraine?'

On this same rainy afternoon, while the two girls talked, in the room above their heads another girl was sitting alone. There was a letter open on the table before her written in a round, unformed hand.

'Mother and I,' the letter said, 'are just hungry to see you. It's too bad for other people to have you when we want you so much. Of course they like it because you are so nice; but you're nicer to us than to anybody.'

The little childish sentences hurt Roberta, cruelly. Her face was white and drawn; she pushed the paper from her with a sudden motion.

'If it were only true! If I could only make it true! But I can't. A hundred times I have determined to be "nice" and have always failed. I never knew before I came here what it was to feel so cold and hard and irritable. It settles down on me like a fog and I can't shake it off. What I mean originally to be the most innocent speeches in the world, by the time they get to my lips are hateful, nagging sarcasms.'

She went and stood by the window and looked out at the gloomy prospect.

'It is hard for one's peace of mind in any case to be unlovely. But when there are helpless ones'—

She stopped. She would not say it.

'I am so tired!' she cried, sinking down on the floor with her head on the window ledge. 'Oh, I am so tired!'

The room was dark now. Any sounds in the house were lost in the dash of the rain outside. Roberta grew quieter.

Presently it seemed to her that she felt her mother's touch on her forehead and heard her motherly voice saying, as it had indeed said many times, 'God bless you! He does bless you, dear, in letting you be his kind providence to Lorraine and me.'

'Oh, God,' prayed Roberta, 'don't take my blessing away from me! Help me!'

Downstairs, Judy and Augusta were bringing their conference to a close.

'I thought for once,' said Judy, 'that my array of arguments was invincible, that I could cry "Duty" just as loud as you could. And now see me weakly planning with all my might to do the very thing I meant not to do.'

'We have had new light,' said Augusta. 'What is the use of being college juniors if we can't be candid enough to change our opinions upon just cause?'

Some one knocked at the door and opened it, simultaneously. It was Amy Coulter.

'What are you two doing?' she asked. Then catching sight of a photograph on the table she picked it up and looked at it. 'What a lovely child! Who is it?'

'Lorraine Stone,' said Judy.

'Stone? No relation, I hope, of the charming Roberta.'

'Her sister.'

'Poor little thing! It must be that that makes her so wistful and pathetic.'

'Not at all. She considers Roberta a paragon.'

'Paragon!' sniffed Amy. She's a— pickle.'

'You came opportunely,' said Augusta, 'and I need an accomplice, and I believe that you are just the one for the place. For though silly, you are not stupid.'

'Thank you. Don't fill me with pride. For what is my humble aid desired?'

'About Miss Stone.'

Amy laughed. 'You hardly need an accomplice for that! Every girl in the class is only too glad to sign the petition.'

'But you don't understand,' said Judy. 'State the case, Augusta.'

Augusta stated it. Amy would hardly hear her through.

'No, no! I can't be benevolent to Roberta Stone! She makes me feel nearer to murder than anybody I ever knew! It isn't fair to sacrifice the good of the college to her private griefs. She ought to have a few for the public ones that she inflicts. I only hope that when she is gone with her mean, sly thrusts and hateful smiles, I may feel a little forgiving toward her memory.'

There was a rather blank silence. Such speech was unusual with the sweet-tempered Amy. Both Judy and Augusta felt discouraged,—too discouraged to say anything.

After a minute Amy added, 'But the child is a little love.'

There was a certain guilty weakening in her tone, at which Judy's spirits instantly rose.

'We are all agreed,' she said, 'that if Miss Stone's methods are inveterate, she ought not to be stood. But Augusta's idea is that they may be a sort of accident, a kink that might be untwisted; in which case nobody need be sacrificed; we could have mercy and not sacrifice all round.'

Meanwhile, Augusta was thinking over a new idea. The next morning she invited Roberta Stone to a tea in her room on Friday afternoon.

Roberta was expecting the invitation.

'She will feel obliged to be a little polite to me for Mrs. Howard's sake,' she had reasoned. And now she told herself that she was glad that Augusta was acting promptly, and that it would soon be over and she could go back into her shell again. Then she sighed a quick, restless sigh.

'I hate to live in a shell! I never did before this year. I wish I hadn't gone away over Sunday; it makes me feel as if I couldn't breathe.'

Early on Friday she met Augusta outside her door. Amy Coulter was with her.

'I came to tell you,' said Augusta, 'that I had a letter this morning from Aunt Howard. She is coming to stay a few days with me. She will be in time for the tea; will you not come early, please, this afternoon?'

'Amy,' said Augusta, as they walked on, 'I am getting dreadfully frightened.'

'I really believe that she has a few feelings,' answered Amy, absently, remembering the flash of pleasure on Roberta's face a minute before.

When Roberta walked into Augusta's room at five o'clock, Aunt Howard was waiting to receive her. Judy was there, too, and Amy. When she had greeted them all she became aware of a suppressed excitement in the atmosphere, and following an undefined instinct she wheeled about to the corner of the room behind her. There sat a brown-haired, brown-eyed little girl with a tiny crutch

A LITTLE, SILENT FIGURE WAS WAITING ON THE PLATFORM.

propped against her chair; she was sitting very still, her face brimful of laughter and affection.

'Lorraine!' cried Roberta. And the cry was a revelation to the three girls at the tea table.

Twenty minutes later Amy had begun to exert her fascinations on Roberta's little sister, and Amy's fascinations were not few. Before the tea was over, Lorraine felt well enough acquainted to confide to her with earnest admiration: 'Roberta told us that you were pretty. But I didn't know how pretty she meant till I saw you.'

This Amy reported to Judy and Augusta with a fine display of complacency.

'It must be as you say, Judy,' she said; 'I am silly. I am to be won by sugar plums. Lorraine has softened all my prejudices. I am now bound hand and foot to the cause.'

But the speech of Lorraine's that lingered in Amy's mind was not about herself; it was about Roberta.

'She takes lovely care of mother and me,' said Lorraine. 'And she never says it's hard, —not ever.'

Amy thought of that late at night when she was alone. With it she thought of Roberta Stone's class room, getting more tumultuous every day, of the knit brows and set mouth of the young teacher, and of the openly shown dislike and avoidance of many of the girls on all occasions.

'Hard? How can she stand it? Oh, how hard it must have been! If what Augusta says is true, if another chance would change everything'— She paused. All that was good and womanly in her answered the appeal. 'Roberta Stone,' she cried, softly, with a nod at the forbidding face which her mind saw, 'you are to have another chance. Lorraine will give it to you, and Judy and Augusta, and even I—and—heaven. Heaven loves little children like Lorraine. If she knows the truth, heaven loves you, Roberta Stone.'

Lorraine was deeply interested in the college. Though perhaps a little serious she was by no means unfriendly, but entirely ready to respond to all advances. By Saturday night she had shaken hands with about half the members of the four classes and was in a fair way to complete the list.

'She is working into your schemes beautifully, Augusta,' Judy said. '"She sings a hero," who is her sister Roberta. The thing for us to do is to keep quite still, and let her make the campaign speeches in her own way. It is such a dear little beguiling way, without a thought of anything but love and pride and full belief.'

On Sunday at chapel Lorraine sat in the stalls with Roberta. She was very good, and very grave except for an occasional upward smile at Roberta as she wriggled back into place on the high bench. Many were the glances cast in their direction during the service. I doubt whether the preacher had the whole attention of his audience that morning. But I am inclined to think that it was just as well; there are sometimes better sermons than those from the pulpit, and the sermon that preaches gentleness and patience is not the one to lose.

When Roberta Stone opened her eyes on Monday the fear which she had resolutely put away for the two past days sprung upon her in full force. She dreaded to have Lorraine present at her recitations. But, though she tried desperately hard to prevent it, too many wills were arranged against her own and she was outgeneraled. And so at ten o'clock when her first class filed into the hall a little, silent figure was waiting for them on the patform, with a crutch propped against her chair.

All the majesty of the law could not have preserved order like that little figure. More decorous students never sat down before a professor than those that faced Miss Stone to-day. After the first moment she realized how it was, and the rush of her relief and gratitude swept like a beneficent tide over all the blunders and heartaches of the year's work. Presently she had forgotten everything but the zest of exercising an inborn gift.

Lorraine understood no word of what was said, but, watching sharply from her place of vantage and noting the hush of interest over the room, she was satisfied.

After class she said very beamingly to Amy, 'Roberta is a splendid teacher, isn't she?'

And Amy answered, just as beamingly, 'Oh, she is! she is, indeed!'

Then she ran upstairs after Augusta and Judy and hugged them both, liberally.

'Give yourselves no further uneasiness,' she cried. 'It is done. You have untwisted the kink; you have saved a career! Your loving-kindness is a perfect success. I am beginning to think,' added pretty Amy, musingly, 'that some things, Greek, for instance, and general worth, are a great deal better than some other things, and you can't have both.'

Correspondence

Port Burwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' a little girl nine years old. I have gone to Sunday-school for five years. I go to day school. I am in the second book. I have two pets: a bird and a dog. We live close by the lake. I enjoy all the pretty sights. My birthday is on Nov. 30.

PEARLIE.

Reid's Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about five years, and I think it is a very nice little paper. I have one sister and two brothers. My sister's name is Olive, and my brothers' names are Willie and Addison. I am fourteen years old and my birthday is on March 30. I live on a farm about seven miles from a town. We have one team of horses, fourteen head of cattle and four sheep. I am in the fourth reader. I just got in last fall. I like to read the letters in the Correspondence, they are very interesting. I would like to know the names of some children who do not take the 'Messenger' so that I might send it to them. We live about one mile from the post-office.

JAMES REID.

Switzerville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, ten years old, and this is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' My father has taken the 'Witness' for a great many years and says he could not get along without it. I received the copies of the 'Messenger' you sent me and like them very much. I have got three names for it besides my own.

OLIVE E. S.

Kingsbury, Que.

Dear Editor,—I wrote a letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' but have not seen it printed. I have a little bull calf that I lead down to water every day. One day I tried a bigger one and it got away from me. I have two sisters and one baby brother. I go down to the woods most every day. I have two cats, one dog and a calf. I am the oldest of the family. My birthday is on Jan. 17. Our school started on Jan. 6, 1902. We have a grove near our house and I tap some trees every year and it makes very good sugar. We have seven pigs, twenty-seven head of cattle, forty hens, and four horses.

WILLIE FRANK.

Waterloo, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter as I never saw any from Waterloo. I am a little boy and live on a farm. We are having fine sleighing just now, and I and my companions, are having a good deal of fun coasting down the hill. We have two horses, two cows, and two colts. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger,' which I like to read, especially the Correspondence. Yours truly.

S. K.

Black River Bridge.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like reading the Correspondence very much. I have one sister and five brothers; one is married and living by himself. I have two cats and two dogs: Collie and Towser. We have two horses and three cows and one calf. For my pets I have two canary birds, named Peter and Jenny. I live on a farm, seven miles from the town of Picton, in view of South Bay. I wonder if any little boy or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Aug. 23.

P. M. J.

Kinmount, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Kinmount, so I thought I would write. I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to read the Correspondence best. I wonder if any girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine. Mine is on May 19. I have a dog, and his name is Coley. He is eight years old.

CARRIE T. (Aged 9.)

Kinmount, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every Sunday and take the 'Northern Messenger' and I read the letters that are in it. I think some of them are very good. I live in a hotel in Kinmount. I have a very large dog and his name is Coley; he is eleven years old. My birthday comes on Jan. 12.

TENA D. (Aged 11.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school (the Laidlaw Mission) and I thought I would like to write a letter to it. My name is Tillie Bowker and my father keeps a wholesale fruit store here. I wait on the store and we were very busy just about Christmas time. We flooded our yard and I am learning to skate, but my ankles are very weak and I do not get along very well. I went for a sleigh ride with my brother on New Year's Day and I enjoyed myself very much.

TILLIE B.

St. John, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, ten years of age, and I got your paper, the 'Northern Messenger' for a Christmas present, and, seeing so many letters, thought I would like to write too. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth grade and also attend Sunday-school. I take music lessons; mamma and I play 'Home Sweet Home' as a duet. My papa has two horses; one for driving and the other for delivering goods from our grocery store. There is a rink quite near us where we skate sometimes. I would like to tell you what Santa Claus brought me; he was a good old chap to me: an engine, which drives, a dog striking a bell, a magic lantern, a writing-desk, two ties, a pair of stockings and gloves, a muffler, a silver paper knife, a game, a cup and saucer, besides a Christmas tree.

GERALD S. B.

Williamstown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since last October. My birthday is Jan. 8. I will be twelve years old. I am in the fourth book. I have three sisters and one brother. My oldest sister has two canary birds.

ANNIE E. C.

Lanark, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to the 'Messenger' as I have seen no letters from Lanark. I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years and like it very much. I go to school and am in the senior fourth class. I also go to the Congregational Sunday-school. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Robertson. Our Sunday-school had a Christmas tree. Each scholar got a nice present and a box of candies. We are going to have a new church next summer. There are four stores, several shops, a town hall, post-office, and public school in Lanark. The railway was to have been built by this time but it is not done yet. We have good fun sleigh-riding in the winter. I have about a mile to walk to school but do not mind that. My birthday is on April 10. If I see this in print I will write again.

FLORENCE C. (Aged 12.)

Terranova, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for seven years. I have two sisters. I have a dog named Rover, and he can fetch the cows. I was nine years old on Jan. 23.

ROY L.

Black Creek, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to the 'Northern Messenger,' and as the other one was printed I thought I would write again. I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much, especially the Little Folks' page. I am nine years old. My birthday is on Dec. 21. My pets are one cat and two kittens; their names are Nellie, Queenie and Tabby. I go to school nearly every day and I am in the third class. My teacher's name is Miss Shaw. I have one sister and four brothers.

CONSTANCE D.

Boxall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' every week. I enjoy reading the letters. I live on a farm, near Lake Erie. I was ten years on Aug. 13. I am in the third book. Our teacher's name is Miss Blackwood. We have a large pond, called Deer Lake. I enjoy skating very much. My pets are eight cats and a dog and two English pheasants.

CLARENCE L. J.

St. Remi, Que.

Dear Editor,—I get your paper every week and enjoy reading it very much. I have three brothers but no sisters; two of my brothers are younger than myself. I am twelve years old; my birthday is on Nov. 13. I wrote once before and saw my letter printed.

ETHEL S.

St. Croix, N. S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' for I have only taken it a little while. I go to school and am in the sixth grade. I am ten years old.

WINNIFRED M.

Bay City, Wis.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from this district, so I thought I would write one. I am nine years old and my birthday is on Sept. 22. I go to school every day and to Sunday-school. I like to read the 'Messenger,' especially the correspondence. I have no pets; I had a pet cat but it died.

GLADYS S.

NOTE.

Miss Edith J. Hunter has kindly written to say that the piece asked for by a correspondent, 'The Chest With the Broken Lock' was in the 'Messenger' of last June 28. If our correspondent will kindly send us her name and address and two-cent stamp the copy in question will be forwarded.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Feb. 1, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The King and Parliament—Special correspondence of the New York 'Evening Post.'
The King's Purse.
English and Boers—'Journal des Debats,' Paris. Translated for 'World Wide.'
Athleticism—'The Times,' London.
Milner's Experiment in Road-Building—'Western Architect and Builder.'
Count Von Buelow—'Daily Mail,' London.
The Bagdad Railway Scheme—'The Times,' London.
Sale of Danish West Indies—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
The Invasion of the Icy Unknown—Correspondence of 'Pall Mall Gazette.'
The High Pressure American—'The Spectator,' London.
Wealth of France—'Daily Mail,' London.
'But If You Live'—'Westminster Budget.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

King Charles I. as an Art Patron—By F. Mabel Robinson, in 'Magazine of Art.' Extract.
Cave Drawings of the Palæolithic Period—Correspondence of the 'Scientific American.'
The New School of British Music—By Ernest Newman, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Color Photography—'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Hymn of a Bibliophile—By George Alexander Kohut, in the 'American Hebrew.'
Under Lock and Key—Verse, 'Daily News,' London.
New Poem credited to E. A. Poe—New York 'Sun.'
In the Footsteps of Jane Austen.
Browning on 'Realism.'—'The Century.'
Conan Doyle on the War—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst's New Book—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The Teaching of History—'The Speaker,' London.
Mahasveta: A Study—'The Indian Ladies' Magazine.'
The Power of Illustration—'Homiletic Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Professor Fleming's Lectures on Waves—'Daily News,' London.
The Relativity of Truth—By Mary Louch, in the 'Paidologist, the organ of the British Child-Study Association.
Electricity from Dust—'Daily Telegraph,' London.

'WORLD WIDE
$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,'
Only 75 cents.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Few Directions on Roasting

One of the commonest modes of cooking we find to be roasting. Though by no means an easy task if properly done, we find it too often sent to the table in a condition nearly raw or cooked so much as to leave no gravy or nutriment in the joint. We will consider a joint properly prepared to send to the table when it contains most if not all of the red juice, secreted in it when it was put into the oven, and at the same time to have all of the juices in the meat at its own particular flavor, rendering it more digestible and palatable. To accomplish this result decide upon the meat that is to be served at the meal. If a rib roast is to be purchased select one or more of the first five ribs. The meat should be a bright red in color and the fat rather a cream color, and the flesh to be well marbled with fat. When it is brought to the home it should be immediately removed from the brown paper, placed upon a plate or platter and put in a cool place until ready to be roasted. In purchasing your meat, if the bones are removed and the fat cut off, have the butcher send all with the meat, to be used later on in the stock pot and to replenish the dripping jar or pail. When it is time to cook the meat in a coal range see that the fire burns clear all the way through. If the roasting is to be done in a gas range light the burners in the oven ten minutes before putting in the meat. Wipe the joint of meat with a wet cloth (never wash meat for roasting), sprinkle it over with salt and a little flour; place it in the dripping-pan; put it in the hottest part of the oven (the top), with the fat. At the end of ten or fifteen minutes the meat will look brown and with the aid of the floor and the intense heat a crust will have formed over the meat and the juices are all shut in. Reduce the heat of the meat by placing the pan in the bottom of the oven, and if the oven seems intensely hot lift off the centre cover of the range for five minutes. Begin to baste the meat and continue it every ten minutes. Basting meats makes them more tender and more juicy. When the roast is to be turned in the pan stick the fork into the fat of the meat and never into the lean. If the flesh is pierced the juices start to flow and will flow until the meat is removed from the oven, and the gravy is in the pan instead of being in the meat. Allow eighteen minutes to the pound for roasting. If a very heavy piece, ten pounds or more, allow twenty minutes more. Never put water in the pan for roasting meats. When the meat has become roasted sufficiently lift it to a hot platter, keeping the fork from the flesh. Then pour off the fat into the dripping jar and proceed to make the gravy. An oily appearance on gravies is very objectionable and is overcome by adding flour enough to the amount of fat used for the foundation of the gravy. If the directions for roasting are followed the meat will be perfectly cooked, and when the top slice is removed the second slice will be pink and juicy. When the meat is purple or dark red in the centre the joint has not been heated through—'Catholic News.'

Taking Salt Water Baths at Home.

For a hand-bath (a bath given to the body by use of the hands only, or by sponge or cloth) place a handful of the salt in a basin as ordinarily filled for washing. Allow the salt to dissolve, or hasten the action by stirring with the hand. The water should be as cold as you have vitality to withstand. Use no soap. Bathe the entire body. Do not neglect the face and neck in the free use of the salt water. This bath has an exhilarating influence, tones the entire system, and gives to the skin a healthful condition that amply repays for the time and trouble involved. If used in the winter, it will be an excellent preventive of colds, besides being a substitute for face cosmetics. No chapping, no roughness of the skin and no clogging of the pores will trouble the person who systematically and regularly takes a bath of this sort. Ordinary table salt or rock salt will do, but will not do so well. The sea salt contains medicinal properties not found in the others. Whether one exercises or not the body should receive a daily hand-bath of cold or cool water, especially in the summer, either upon rising or before retiring—or both.—Dr. E. B. Warman.

Garner the Beautiful.

(Anna R. Henderson, in 'Woman's Home Companion.')

Garner the beautiful as you go;
Wait not for a time of leisure,
The hours of toil may be long and slow,
And the moments few of pleasure.
But beauty strays by the common ways,
And calls to the dullest being;
Then let not thine ear be deaf to hear,
Or thine eye be slow in seeing.

Kind nature calls from her varied halls,
'I will give you balm for sadness;'
Let the sunset's gleam and the laugh of the stream
Awaken thoughts of gladness.
If a bird should pour his song by the door,
Let thy heart respond with singing;
The wind and the trees have harmonies
That may set thy joy-bells ringing.

Pause oft by a flower in its leafy bower,
And feast thine eye on its beauty;
A queen hath bliss no rarer than this,
'Tis thy privilege and duty.
And oh, when the shout of a child rings out,
And its face is bright with gladness,
Let it kindle the shine of joy in thine,
And banish care and sadness!

Then gather the beautiful by your way,
It was made for the soul's adorning;
'Tis a darksome path which no radiance hath
At noon, at eve, in the morning.
Hard is the soil where we delve and toil
In the homely field of duty;
But the hand of our King to us doth fling
The shining flowers of beauty.

Useful Hints.

If soot has been spilled on the carpet, cover with salt, and every trace will have disappeared in about ten minutes' time.

A nap after dinner is worth two hours of sleep in the morning to the mother. Mothers, more than most people, wear out if they are not repaired, and it is the duty of the family to see that repairs go on before the dear tenement falters. So many people paint the house and have the rooms cleaned and repapered and the furniture retouched, who never think of repairing the mother. Think of it, to let a mother wear out for want of a little repair.

A very useful hint to those who have to sit up at night with an invalid is one with regard to making up the fire while the patient is asleep. The act of placing a shovelful of coals on the fire must necessarily produce some noise, and is as likely as not to rouse the sleeper when it is most important that the sleep should not be broken; putting little lumps of coal on with the fingers is a way to avoid the disturbance, but not a very pleasant way to the performer. Both of these difficulties can be avoided by the simple plan of having scoopfuls of coal put into ordinary paper bags; the lifting of one of these bags and placing it on the fire is a noiseless, as well as a clean operation, and saves the watcher that needless waste of strength and anxiety about 'making up the fire.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

Advertisements.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS

are made from first grade of White Wheat which is screened, washed, boiled, shredded and baked without being touched by the hand of man. A pure, clean food, possessing all the nourishing elements of wheat in the same proportion as Nature stored them in the grain—and Nature makes no mistakes.

When you eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit you secure all the food properties that there are and all you could get, suited for nutrition, if you ate all the kinds of food in existence.

FREE—Send name on postal for our cook book, containing valuable food information and choice recipes for preparing proper food dishes. Address

THE NATURAL FOOD CO.,
61 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Bed Time
dinner time, any time is a good time to use
Cordova CANDLES
They give a light that's rich and brilliant. No odor. Many styles. Sold everywhere.
IMPERIAL OIL CO.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

Do you Hook Mats?

I make patterns for Hooked Rugs or Mats. Send your name and address on a postal card for design sheet of patterns. Made in eight sizes. If you cannot get them from your dealer shall be pleased to send them by mail. The two patterns shown are 1¼ yard size and are 28 in. wide. Price by mail 25c. each. I pay postage. Order by number.

JOHN E. GARRETT, Box 231, M New Glasgow, N. S.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

a fairy tale; but stay awhile and see if these little creatures, with life like us, but who live so differently, cannot interest, amuse and instruct you—if they are not really the fairy folk you had hoped for.

The log has served as their roof, using the word in its broadest sense. Some of them it protected from the glaring sunlight; all of them it protected from the ferocious enemies,—birds hens, and other carniverous giants, who could swallow them at a mouthful. In dry weather it was still moist beneath the log, so they suffered no thirst. Under it they stored their household goods and provisions, and there lived a happy, though cosmopolitan community. And now their shelter was torn away without a moment's warning. It was as if the roof of a church or hall full of people had been blown off by a cyclone, or all the roofs of a village blown away, and the people at the mercy of the tempest. There was hurrying and scurrying to and fro, confusion everywhere. Some seeking only personal safety, some trying to save property and some gallantly rescuing lives dependent on their own.

Mr. Cricket, who had been out courting Miss Cricket, dressed in his best black suit, scrambles under a lump of earth, presumably the sofa, and when that is rolled off from him hops wildly around for another refuge. A gallant lover! And Miss Cricket would doubtless laugh gleefully at his discomfiture, was she not as terrified as he and as dilligently seeking a hiding-place.

A mother Sourbug, and the little Sourbugs, crawl hastily into their caves, or under pieces of bark, and great is the consternation of one who is crowded out of several places like Puss in the game of puss-in-the-corner, and has to creep hither and thither in search of a new corner. In spite of all their legs are not good runners, and it is quite a while, comparatively, before they are all safely and satisfactorily ensconsed.

A pair of Millipeds, long, many-legged, amber-colored creatures, in spite of their having the appearance of being walking arsenals, become terror-stricken and gyrate in all sorts of sinuosities, as they hastily seek cover. As they circle around obstructions in their path—chunks of sand and chips—they remind one of a long train of cars seen from a height, speeding along a crooked mountain railroad far below. These Millipeds are closely allied to the deadly centipede of the plains, and each one of their legs is armed by a sharp hook or claw at the extremity. But the two Millipeds soon disappear from sight.

A big Angle-worm, that had been lying at full length in a hollow, crawls hastily to the subterranean hollow at the end, and disappears down it as fast as possible. Numerous little Angle-worms of lighter color and weaker propulsive powers do likewise.

A big Toad, the ogre of this castle, who has been dozing in a hollow just under the edge of the log after a good meal, hastily awakens to the fact that something unusual is going on, rouses up and shakes himself, and then, with a regretful look at the many good dinners that are being lost to him, hops away to more peaceful scenes, to go to sleep again under a plaintain leaf until new forage grounds can be found.

A big family of Ants, much disturbed by the unexpected accident to their housekeeping, nevertheless quickly arrange themselves into organized forces, and set about protecting themselves methodically. Although there is much running to and fro, each one seems to have his own special part to do, and does it dilligently. Some rush down the hole that leads to their nest, to place it in order; others begin to roll their larvae, which were on the surface, into the opening; some drag sticks, straw and light particles, presumably fuel and provisions, within. A stream of ants pours out of one side of the door as a like stream goes in at the other side, but soon all is in order and all have disappeared to their inner recesses, except a few stray ones, scouts and foragers, who remain without.

Two small black Beetles creep beneath a piece of decaying bark, and being unearthed from there, are at great loss to know where to seek refuge. One tries to crawl down the tunnel of the Angle-worm, but gets stuck, and finally follows his brother off into the grass. Doubtless when the log becomes settled in its new location they will take up their habitation beneath it again, and tell to later generations of Beetles the wonderful tale of the overturning of the world, which they once experienced.

On the upper side of the log, which had been its underside in its original position, among numerous clods of damp earth and worm borings are several Slugs or Shellless Snails, slimy, grayish masses, with little horned heads. The pace of a snail is proverbial for its slowness, and the distance around the log considerable, but the heat of the sun means death to them, so they start almost immediately on their toilsome journey to the cool dampness of the earth, and half an hour later the only traces of them are the white, slimy paths they left behind.

A fat, red Rose-beetle or June-bug, lay curled in a hole, with his horny legs doubled close up against his shell-like coat, and slept through the whole turmoil, for it was not yet the warm summer time when he was accustomed to unroll and fly about among the rose bushes and clover and beat against the windows on summer eves. A veritable Rip Van Winkle he must have felt when he awoke and found the change that had taken place, the log removed and all the people who were there when he went to sleep vanished, and the grass beginning to grow up around him.

Sometime when you are overwhelmed with the sense of your own importance, or filled full of the selfishness of your own petty trials and annoyances, and, like a sulky school-boy, go scuffling along your way, kicking over the stones in your path, stop a moment and look down on the worlds beneath your feet and become aware of what a minute affair you are in the vast universe of life, and in reflecting on the joys and sorrows of these little people, forget part of your own troubles and add to your enjoyment. 'Griefs shared are halved; joys shared are doubled,' even though shared with the People Who Live Under a Log.

Self-Dependence.

'You ought to look out for me! Why don't you take c-a-r-e of me?'

It was an amusing sight, in spite of the quivering chin and the tears streaming down the grieved baby face. Edith was three years old before she learned to walk—first, because of weakness, but afterwards because she had made up her small mind that it was much pleasanter to be carried. When her father saw what was the trouble he made up his mind too, and every morning spent an hour in giving a walking lesson. Standing Edith firmly on her feet on the broad flagstones in grandma's pleasant yard, he would go a few steps away and tell her to come. At first the only result was that she would fall helplessly down; there would be another black-and-blue mark on her poor little head, and the comical wail would be heard:

'You ought to look out for me!'

'She will have to learn,' said the father, gently, to the pitying mother; 'the doctor said she is strong enough, and we must not let this habit of dependence grow.'

Then Edith would be left to her own resources; and when finally she saw that nothing was to be gained by tears or protests she made up her mind to stand up herself. That accomplished, the rest followed easily.

But how many there are who have this small girl's feeling, even if they are too worldly-wise to give expression of it! It is so easy and so natural to blame other people for our mistakes; so soothing to think that our falls and hurts and failures are the result of other people's lack rather than our own.

'Uncle Tom might send me to college if he only would—he would never miss it,' whines a young man who is in full possession of health and has no one depending upon him. 'Father might let me finish my music—he knows how my heart is set on it,' complains a young woman who already has had enough money spent on her musical education to enable her to earn, for herself, the rest of the course she so much desires. 'If there had only been some one to set me up in business,' wails a shiftless man when he hears of the so-called good luck that falls to the lot of some young son of a rich father. He forgets, does the shiftless one, that the rich father was not himself set up in business—not by any means; also, that the highest type of success does not always crown the business enterprises that are 'set up' for inefficient sons by over-fond fathers.

What the world needs is young men who have the backbone and the perseverance to take themselves through college; young men who can set themselves up in business and then make the business grow; young men who are so necessary to their profession that the profession is glad to make room for them within its exclusive walls.

The world needs young women, too, for positions of usefulness and responsibility everywhere—not the sort who must be excused from any 'extra work,' but those who are ready for advancement. Never were there so many fields open to bright girls as at the present. The question is to get the girls to fill acceptably the positions waiting for the right persons.

A certain business man in a large western city found it impossible to leave his office one summer for needed rest, because of the twelve young women who do his office work not one had shown herself sufficiently trustworthy and accurate to be left in charge of his enormous mail for that time. They all had to be 'looked out for,' to see that they made no mistakes.

The world has an honorable place for you if you can stand on your feet. It will teach you self-reliance, perhaps by hard knocks if you can be taught that way—and if you can't why, it will still have a place for you, with the rest of its incompetents. But do you want it?—Source unknown.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Alcohol vitiates the blood, inflames the stomach, overtaxes the heart, destroys the kidneys, hardens the liver and softens the brain.—Norman Kerr, M.D.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 23.

The Arrest of Stephen

Acts vi., 1-15. Memory verses 7, 8. Study Matthew x., 28-31.

Golden Text.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.—Matthew x., 28.

Daily Readings.

Monday, Feb. 17.—Acts vi., 1-15.
Tuesday, Feb. 18.—Exod. xxxiv., 29-35.
Wednesday, Feb. 19.—Isa. liv., 11-17.
Thursday, Feb. 20.—1 Kings xxi., 1-14
Friday, Feb. 21.—Matt. xxvi., 59-66.
Saturday, Feb. 22.—Heb. x., 32-39.
Sunday, Feb. 23.—Phil. i., 19-30.

Lesson Text.

(7) And the word of God increased; and the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly; and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith. (8) And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people. (9) Then there arose certain of the synagogue, which is called 'the synagogue' of the Libertines, and Cyrenians, and Alexandrians, and of them of Cicilia and of Asia, disputing with Stephen. (10) And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake. (11) Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God. (12) And they stirred up the people, and the elders, and the scribes, and came upon him, and caught him, and brought him to the council, (13) And set up false witnesses, which said, this man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law; (14) For we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us. (15) And all that sat in the council looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

Suggestions.

The Church kept increasing both in numbers and in power. There were a great many Greek-speaking Jews as well as native Jews in the Church, and the foreign-born Jews complained that they were being overlooked in the daily distribution of rations. The complaint may have been a just one, but the oversight was unintentional and the Apostles at once set about to remedy the matter.

Having summoned the whole Church they laid the matter before them and then said, 'It will not do for us to neglect God's message to attend to tables. So, Brothers, look for seven spiritually minded men, and we will appoint them to take charge of this business; while we, for our part, will devote ourselves to prayer, and to the delivery of the Message.'

This saying pleased the whole multitude of Christians there assembled, and they chose seven deacons: Stephen, a man who was full of faith and of the Holy Spirit, and Philip, Prochorus, Nicanor, Timon, Parmenas, and Nicholas from Antioch, a former proselyte or convert to Judaism. They brought these men before the Apostles, who approved their choice and, laying their hands on the seven, consecrated them by prayer to their new office.

This little difficulty being so satisfactorily settled, the gospel spread rapidly, the converts increased, and even from among the priests' a great many believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and joined his Church.

Meanwhile Stephen, filled with the grace and sweetness and power of the Holy Spirit, was doing great works among the people. This aroused the anger of the higher classes of foreign born Jews, and many of the members of the synagogue of the Libertines or Freed Slaves with their friends began publicly disputing with Stephen and trying to put him to shame. But they were quite unable to gainsay his arguments for he was inspired with wisdom from on high.

Then they hired some men to bear false witness against Stephen so that they could get him arrested and brought to trial before the Sanhedrim. These false witnesses declared that Stephen had been saying blasphemous things against Moses and against God. So the Libertines stirred up the people against Stephen and, arresting him, brought him before the Council, there they produced the false witness. 'This man, they said, is incessantly saying things against this Holy Place and the Law; indeed we have heard him declare that this Jesus of Nazareth will destroy this Place, and change the customs handed down to us by Moses.' Then all the Council fastened their eyes on Stephen and they saw his face shining like the face of an angel. He was transfigured by the inner glory of the abiding presence of the Spirit of God in his heart. He was prefectly fearless for he knew that whatever they did to him, they could not separate him from Christ (Rom. viii., 35-39).

Questions.

Who were the first seven deacons?
What were their necessary characteristics or qualities?
Who was Stephen?
What did he do?
Whose oppcsition did he arouse?
Why were they not able to withstand the wisdom with which Stephen spoke?
What did they do to him?
Was Stephen afraid of them?
How did he look?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Feb. 23.—Topic.—Obedience.—1 Sam. xv., 22-23; 1 Kings iii., 14; Rev. xxii., 14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

YOUR PURPOSE IN LIFE.

Mon., Feb. 17.—To comfort.—1 Thess. v., 11.

Tues., Feb. 18.—To cheer.—Acts xxvii., 22-25-36.

Wed., Feb. 19.—To help.—Matt. x., 42.

Thu., Feb. 20.—To encourage.—Deut. xxxi., 6.

Fri., Feb. 21.—To sympathize.—Rom. xii., 15.

Sat. Feb. 22.—To do God's will.—Mark iii., 35.

Sun., Feb. 23.—Topic.—What are you in the world for?—Matt. v., 13-16.

Why He did not go

(By Walter Palmer, in 'Wellspring.')

Alfred Gaines left the store one night with unmistakable discontent on his face. Even the floor-walker noticed it as the boy walked down the passage between the hosiery and shirt-waist departments, and he wondered a little, for only that morning Haines had been promoted from the gingham to the silk counter, and had received the unusual honor of a nod and smile from the senior proprietor.

Reaching the street, the boy pulled his cap down over his eyes and hurried away, dodging to the right or left as the crowd of pedestrians swerved to one side or the other, and finally darting into a dark, narrow alleyway that was almost wholly given up to lodging houses. Two blocks more, and he slipped into a dimly-lighted hallway and ran up several long flights of stairs to his room on the fourth floor.

It was a very small room, with a bed and trunk and one chair and an unpretentious pine-framed looking-glass on the wall. But the boy was not thinking of the room just then. Something more portentous was on his mind; his hands went deep down into his pockets, and the discontent grew more pronounced and unmistakable on his face.

'What's the use of my being such a milksop?' he grumbled, as he kicked off his shoes and kneeled down, preparatory to opening his trunk. 'It's just as the boys say; I'm still fastened to mother's apron strings and ought to have her here to lead me round. Not that I'm ashamed of it,' a quick flush of contrite shame spreading over his face; 'she's the very best mother in the world. But then I'm sixteen years old, and I am living here in the city with men who know something of the world. , I can't be a baby always, and, of course, mother and the girls don't know. If I'm to be a good business man I must get acquainted with people, and do as other folks do. All the clerks at my counter smoke cigars and go to the theatre and races and things. This is such a gentlemanly invitation, too. Baker says it isn't often that a mere clerk receives such an honor. He says—but, oh, pshaw! no matter what he says; it's more than half taffy, anyway.'

He threw open the trunk with the air of one who rises above such trivialities, but still the expression of complacency which the recollection of his fellow-clerk's words had called up remained on his face while he removed his one good suit from the trunk and spread it out on the bed.

'I suppose there'll be more or less smoking and drinking and betting going on,' he thought, as he held up his coat and looked it over critically; 'but that's none of my business. I can't keep folks from doing such things, and because they do it is no reason why I should. As Baker says, it isn't often that a man gets a chance to see such a sparring exhibition as this will be. It's only one night, anyhow, and I'll be none the worse for want of a few hours' sleep. Mother'll never know, and Baker'll be careful not to let it slip out at the store. I don't suppose Mr. Gray and the floor-walker would quite approve of it, but as Baker says, they are old fogies.'

He laid aside the coat and then inspected the vest minutely, 'Looks as good as new,' he thought, as he put it down and took up the trousers. 'It's awfully good of Baker to take me up as he does; I must try and make it all right with him some time. I suppose I might ask him out home to spend his vacation,'—here a slight wrinkle of disapprobation appeared between his eyebrows—'no, I don't think I will, either. He isn't just the sort I would like mother and the girls to meet. I'd rather introduce them to somebody like Marsden or White. Still, Baker's an awfully good fellow, and he uses me right. Hello! here's the patch.'

It was only a neatly darned place on one of the knees; but as he looked at it he could see his mother bending lovingly over his best suit, and his sisters ironing his handkerchiefs and socks and getting him ready for his entrance into the world. Thinking of them, the discontent left his face, and presently he folded his best suit and replaced it in the trunk.

'Oh, pshaw!' he thought, with lightened heart, 'what's the good of going out with a rough drinking crowd, anyhow. Mother and the girls are worth more than the whole lot of them. I'll go to bed.'

The next morning the floor-walker looked at Alfred Gaines approvingly. He liked to see that strong, buoyant expression on the faces of the men who worked under him; and when at night he saw Alfred wait for Marsden and White, his approval did not lessen. Marsden and White were good men for the younger clerks to go with.

The Best Kind of Wine.

One of the best respected and most widely known Vicars in Westmoreland was suffering some years ago from a serious illness. Sir Wm. Gull was consulted, and he at once detected the complaint and gave his instructions accordingly. As no intoxicants had been ordered, the Vicar (who enjoyed a glass of wine) asked: 'Won't a little wine do me good?' 'Yes,' said the famous physician, 'I think it will, but you must only take it in the form I prescribe. If you want wine you must eat grapes.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is February, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Lesson in Harmony.

('Temperance Record.')

'Amy Pearson, after her thirteenth birthday, began to think she was nearly grown up, especially when she became the proud possessor of a coat and skirt. It was a lovely costume, in pale green cloth, with hat and gloves to match, and a blouse of Liberty silk in shades of green and gold.

Amy felt quite sure that when she wore it people would call her, as the fitter did in Dawson's, a young lady. She longed to put her hair up, but everybody laughed at the idea, and said she would look like a small scarecrow. This was not Amy's opinion, and she had made many experiments. But in spite of her long, fair locks, it was a very happy maiden who wore the new summer dress.

'If there is anything I hate,' she said to her sister Ethel as they were dressing to go to the Academy, 'it is to see girls wearing things that do not match.'

'Oh, well,' replied Ethel, who was sixteen and a tom-boy, 'I think that is better than being such a fuss-button as you are. You're much more particular than Marian, who is grown up, and engaged, and goes to parties and everything.'

Amy had four sisters older than herself, all anxious to keep her like a little girl, but it was useless, she would behave like a grandmother. She was clever, and worked at school with girls more advanced in years, if not in knowledge; she liked to enter into her seniors' conversations, and altogether was a very trying young person occasionally.

Frank, their eldest brother, took Ethel and Amy to the Academy that day. He was a clever Oxford student, but very sociable and anxious to make the girls enjoy themselves. Ethel was not particularly fond of pictures, she only looked out for puppies and kittens, or pretty children—I am afraid she sometimes called them 'kids,' Amy liked landscapes best, and talked quite learnedly to Frank about them; at least, she tried to, which did just as well in his opinion, since it amused him more. But Amy did not only criticise the pictures. She observed the people, too, and when they were resting in the entrance hall talked eagerly about them.

'Oh, Frank!' she cried. 'Just look at that girl with a magenta hat and violet blouse! Isn't it simply hideous? How can people wear such things? And, see, there is an old thing got up like a girl: isn't it absurd?'

Amy gave her thin lips a very scornful curl.

Frank turned round and said quietly—

'I say, Amy, you are keen on harmony. I suppose you know there is a good deal of discord about you. Everything doesn't match by any means.'

Amy looked at him in astonishment.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

Our picture shows us Jesus doing one of those kind acts which he loved to do. At the gate of a small city he met some very sad people. They were going to bury the body of a young man who had died, and whose mother now had no one to take care of her, for he was her only son, and she was a widow.

Jesus asked them to stand still, and, taking the young man's hand told him to rise. The widow's son sat up, and began to speak. How glad and thankful his mother must have been! And should you not think that both she and her son loved and served Jesus all the rest of their lives?—'Our Little Dots.'

'Why, Frank, I am sure it does. You have no idea how I dragged mother round to get this ribbon and these gloves. I am afraid she was very tired. The milliner had the straw dyed specially for my hat, and look, my sunshade is a splendid match.'

Frank looked very solemn, but his eyes twinkled as he answered—

'All the same, you do not match, Amy, and if you can't discover why, you are not as quick as I thought you were.'

Amy did not like that.

'I do not know what you mean,' she said pettishly, 'Let us go and look at some more pictures.'

'All right,' agreed Frank, and away they went. Amy discovered a most lovely landscape, and her brother praised her for admiring it, but she did not feel quite satisfied. She wondered all the way home what Frank could mean, until she felt tired and cross, and thus became more of a discord every moment. When they arrived Frank went off to his room to write letters. Amy followed him.

'Frank,' she said, 'I do wish you would tell me what you mean. You have puzzled me.'

'All right, little girl,' said Frank. 'Come here,' and he led her to a mirror. 'Can't you see something there besides your clothes?'

'Why, of course, my face,' said Amy.

'Exactly, and that is the thing that did not harmonize. The dress is very pretty, but the face should be pretty, too.'

Amy flushed rosy red.

'But, Frank, you know, people always say I'm plain. I heard Ethel say so one day when she did not know I was there.'

'Nonsense,' said Frank, 'your features may not be perfection, but why should you give your lips a scornful twist, and your eyes a cold, hard stare, instead of looking pleasant?'

'But I didn't know I looked hard, and scornful and horrid.'

'No, but you felt those things, and if you feel like that be sure it will show in your face.'

Frank dragged Amy down into an arm-chair in his own kind, brotherly fashion, as he said—

'Don't be a little goose any longer, and think more about the outside than the inside. If you only think kind thoughts, and do kind deeds, and are more anxious to see nice things in other people than those you do not like, everyone will like you whether your gloves match your dress or not. It is very well to be stylish, but it is better to be kind.'

A Touching Incident.

God's protecting power has been wonderfully manifested recently at Gordon Rest.

The town of Hanson abounds in beautiful lakes, and the children of the Gordon Rest household have found delight in bathing in the beautiful waters.

In these, as in many other lakes, dangerous places may be found, and all who bathe are cautioned not to venture beyond a certain limit. Last week, however, one young lad, more venturesome than the rest, waded out into deeper waters than the others. Soon the screams of the little fellow attracted those on shore, and an older boy rushed to his rescue, only to find as he grasped his playmate that both were sinking. Boldly striking out, a girl of fifteen soon reached the boys. Quick as thought, seeing she could not rescue both, she took strong hold of the smaller lad, hoping to save at least one, leaving her only brother she feared to perish, and safely brought the younger boy to shore.

Meanwhile terror-stricken, those on land had called to their aid men who were working near by, and with almost superhuman effort they rescued the drowning boy as he was sinking for the last time. 'I asked God to save me from drowning,' said the youngest boy, 'and I knew he would, and he did.' One dear young girl, finding she could not help, kneeled on the shore and offered a fervent prayer.'

Life was almost extinct when the drowning boy was rescued, but helps were at hand that resuscitated him quickly.

'After the evening meal, which was partaken of almost in silence, the household gathered, and held a praise service, thanking God that he had so wonderfully saved the little family from harm.

The brave girl, who endangered her own life to save another, was Edna Monday, of Cambridge.—'The Woman's Voice.'

The Chicken's Mistake.

A little chicken one day,
Asked leave to go in the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

'Indeed,' she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her;
'If the ducks can swim there, why, can't I?
Are they any bigger or better?'

Then the old hen answered: 'Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking.'

But Chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say by a knowing look,
Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And, as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered lower and lower:
'I know I can go there, and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her.'

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder,
For she hadn't hardly time to peep,
When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show,
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know,
What you will do well for heeding:

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing;
You will come to grief if you try to go,
Where you never were made for going.

—Phoebe Cary.

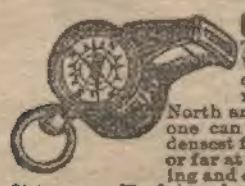
Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Advertisements.



COMPASS WHISTLE

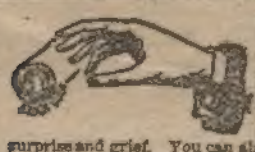
True Compass and Powerful Whistle combined. A heavy crystal protects the magnetic needle, which points true North and South. With its aid anyone can find his way through the densest forest, on the vastest prairie, or far at sea. The Whistle is deafening and can be heard at an immense distance. Useful and valuable. Price, only 15c., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.**

FREE LADY'S WORK BOX

Made of highly polished hard wood, handsomely decorated with flowers and leaves, butterflies and scroll work, all in beautiful colors, with satin pincushion, bodkin, needle case embroidery scissors and splendid mirror. Given for selling only 1¼ dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing so like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this beautiful Work Box. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 414 TORONTO.**

OUR BOY'S TELEPHONE.

Up-to-date—The greatest wonder of the 20th century. A perfect telephon ,made of metal with strong sensitive transmitters, two tubes, a talking and hearing tube or cup, and an ample supply of sensitized cord. With this instrument persons in different parts of the house or at long distances from one another can hear distinctly the lowest tones and softest whispers. Send for one and be up-to-date and ahead of all your neighbors. Price, only 15c. postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO**



VANISHING COIN

Startling, mysterious. Scores of tricks can be done with it. Offer a copper to the first boy you meet and when he makes a grab for it the coin will instantly vanish, much to his surprise and grief. You can also show a coin in your hand and then throw it in the air, when it will disappear like a flash, no one knows where, for they cannot see it go. You can then take the coin from a bystander's locat pocket, or from any other place named by the audience. A most wonderful trick. You can amuse and mystify your friends by the hour. Price, only 10c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

JOKER'S CAMERA

Nicely finished in fine imitation morocco leather. Takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. You press the button and the camera does the rest. Baskets of fun. Everybody you meet will want their picture taken. Get them to pose for you in some nice position and tell them to look "pleasant" or at the "birdies," and to their surprise, immediately after you press the button their picture will appear, nicely mounted and finished. You can make as many as they want, but one is all they will wish, and that will make them almost die laughing. Everything works perfectly. You can have no end of fun with the Joker Camera. Get one and put the whole neighborhood into convulsions of laughter. Price, only 20c., or 2 for 35c., postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401, TORONTO.**

EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co.,** Box 403, **Toronto.**

Magic Lantern

With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 15c each, only 2 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.

BAGPIPES DANCE THE HIGHLAND FLING

Real Scotch Bagpipes cost a lot of money, but here is an instrument for a few cents that produces a laughable imitation of the famous Scotch music. It consists of a highly decorated, six key horn, a rubber air bag and a wooden mouthpiece. With one of these instruments in your possession you can create a sensation. It is one of the greatest fun-makers out. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 10c. silver, or 2 for 25c.

JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 401, TORONTO.

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 15c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

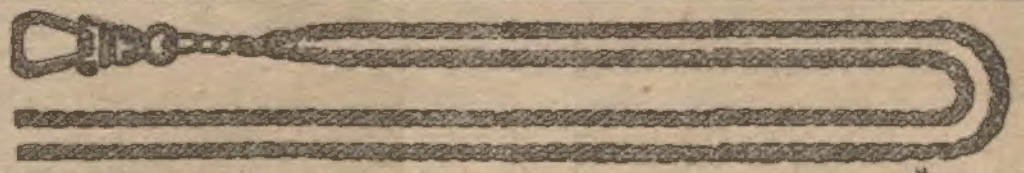
Advertisements.

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

Given for selling at 15c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427, TORONTO**

AIR RIFLE

FREE for selling at 15c. each, only 16 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This all steel long distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickel barrel and trimmings, globe sights, pistol grip, and polished walnut stock and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we forward this splendid weapon. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 432 TORONTO.**

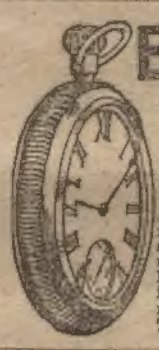


FREE Lady's **Solid Dorian Gold Guard,** 48 inches long, fashionable fox tail pattern, beautifully finished and fully guaranteed, given for selling only **1 doz.** large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Everybody buys it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this magnificent Guard postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 434 Toronto, Ont.**

FREE MOUTH ORGAN

Famous Majestic concert style, powerful sweet tone, extension ends, brass lining and handsomely decorated silver nickel sides and reverberator, given for selling at 15c each, only 2 Fashionable Gold Finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoises, etc. **They sell like Hot Cakes.** Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Mouth Organ postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 428, TORONTO.**

FREE 3 **Beautiful Opals** that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring given for selling only 10 beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like them** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this hand-some Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Pin Co., Box 409 Toronto.**

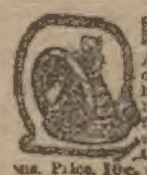


EARN THIS WATCH

By selling only 1 dozen Glass Pens at 10c. each. These wonderful Pens are made of one piece of glass with colored holder and fluted nib. They never wear out and will write a page with one dip of ink. Write and we mail Pens. Sell them, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome Watch with polished nickel case, ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hand, keyless wind and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. TOLEDO PEN CO., Box 403 Toronto, Can.

DANCING SKELETON

14 inches high, with movable arms and legs. After allowing the spectators to examine it to prove there is no hidden mechanism you lay it on the table and ask someone to whistle a tune, when to the astonishment of everybody, the skeleton raises its head, and pears about cautiously, and seeming to hear the then slowly gets upon its feet and music begins to dance. As the whistling becomes livelier so does the magic skeleton keeping time to the music. Affords hours of fun and completely mystifies everyone. Price, with directions, 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**



McGinty Watch and Chain

A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and bar, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 10c. postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

SNAKES

Wonderful and startling. Produced from a small egg no larger than a pea. Touch one with a lighted match and instantly a large snake uncoils itself. Each snake takes a different position, one gliding along with head erect, another coiled up ready for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another stretches out lazily. When the egg stops burning the snake hardens and may be kept as a curiosity. 12 eggs in a box, 3 boxes for 10c., or 9 for 25c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

FREE DOLL

With movable head, arms and legs, nearly 2 feet high with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes and curling golden hair, fashionably dressed in silks and satins, beautifully trimmed with laces, velvets, etc. She has also slippers, stockings and underwear. **Given** for selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large, handsome, imitation **Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise,** etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $2.40, and receive this lovely Doll, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 422, Toronto, Ontario**

FREE

GRAPHOPHONE

Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit, with complete instructions. **Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.**

Solid Gold or Silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling at 15c. each only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoises, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.05, and receive this beautiful Bracelet postpaid. **JEWELRY Co., BOX 431 TORONTO.**

151 Songs 10c

Words and Music Complete, the latest hits and the choicest gems of songs, A Wreath of Roses, Anvil Chorus, Dream On, The Man in the Moon, Work Niggers Work, Old Zip Coon and 145 other Scotch, Irish, English, coon, comic and pathetic, of love, war, the sea, etc. A grand collection, one volume, clearly printed and attractively bound. Price 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., Box 401 Toronto**

SILK

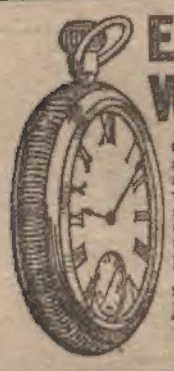
We have purchased the entire output of pieces from the Leading Silk Houses of Canada, and are mailing them in packages each containing a choice assortment of finest silk, in newest patterns and brilliant colors, enough to cover over 300 square inches. Nothing like them for fancy work. Mailed for 15 cents silver, 2 for 25 cents. Johnston & Co., Box 401 Toronto.

FREE 3 **Beautiful Opals** that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Box 409 Toronto.

FREE LADY'S WATCH

with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 3 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. **The ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 407, Toronto.**

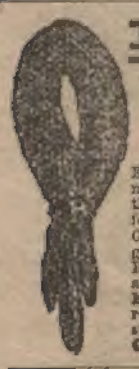
Advertisements.



Earn This Watch

by selling at 10c. each, only 2 dozen

Collar Buttons with rolled gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. They are something everybody needs and therefore very easy to sell. This Watch is neat in appearance, with silver nickel ornamented case, hour, minute and seconds hands, and fitted with a reliable and durable movement that with care will last 10 years. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Watch, postpaid. Be sure to write to-day. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 403, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



FUR RUFF FREE

Earn this handsome Fur Ruff, 29 inches long, made of selected skins, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real pretty head and tail, for selling at 15c. each, only 16 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Our agents are delighted with them. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins, sell them, return the money and receive this warm stylish Ruff postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 404, TORONTO, ONT.**

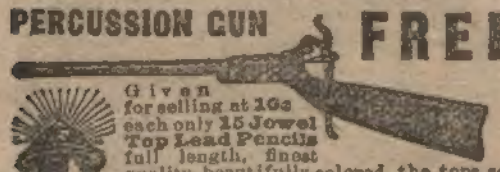
CLARIONET

FREE 13 inches long, nicely turned from selected wood, beautifully finished, with 8 nickel keys, given for selling only 15 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send this Sweet-toned Clarionet, with complete Instructor and a large collection of popular pieces postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Box 403, Toronto.

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring given for selling at 10c. each, only 10 **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., BOX 409, TORONTO.**

PERCUSSION GUN FREE



Given for selling at 10c each only 15 **Jewel Top Lead Pencils** full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like Wildfire.** This splendid Rifle is 25 inches long, of the latest model, with bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer, and polished wood stock. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs and darts. Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.50 and we send your gun with 100 percussion caps, all charges paid. **Home Specialty Co., Box 421 Toronto.**

FREE DOLL

Richly dressed in soft white fur, with very pretty face and movable head, arms and legs; can stand up or sit down alone. **Given** for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send you this lovely Doll, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 424, TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE 6 LACE HANDKERCHIEFS

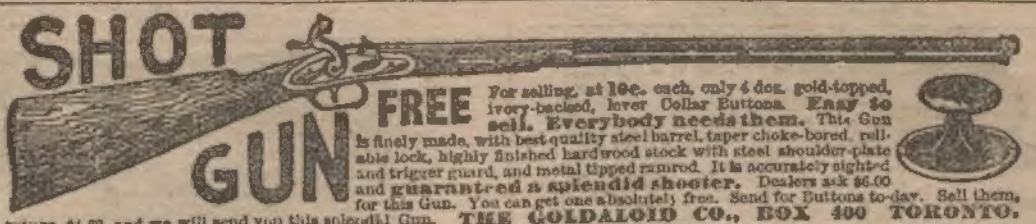
Fine white linen lawn, full size, hemstitched with beautiful lace edge, given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write $1.20, and receive your 6 Lace Handkerchiefs, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 430 Toronto, Ont.**

FREE PIANO DULCIMER

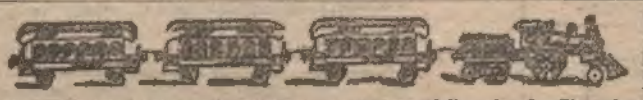
With a regular keyboard, and a beautiful case, elegantly ornamented with flowers and leaves. Clear, sweet tone. Given for selling only 20 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money and we will send you this beautiful Piano. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 417 TORONTO**

Advertisements.

SHOT GUN FREE



For selling, at 10c. each, only 6 doz. gold-topped, ivory-backed, lever Collar Buttons. **Easy to sell. Everybody needs them.** This Gun is finely made, with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, rellable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $6.00 for this Gun. You can get one absolutely free. Send for Buttons to-day. Sell them, return $4.80, and we will send you this splendid Gun. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 400 TORONTO.**



FREE Lightning Express.

Runs by clockwork. Consists of an up-to-date locomotive, a tender, flat car, box car, passenger coach and Pullman sleeper, made entirely of metal, beautifully colored. Given for selling only 4 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this complete train postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 413, Toronto.**

FREE CAMERA

Complete with outfit and instructions. Takes a picture 2x2 in., and any person can learn to do it in a few hours by following the instructions. Outfit consists of 1 Camera, 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo, 1 Printing Frame, 1 Developing Tray, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 set Directions, 1 Toning Tray, 1 pkg. Fixing Powder, 1 pkg. Silver Paper, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper. Camera and outfit securely packed in a neat box and sent all charges paid for selling only 15 Glass Pens at 10c each. They are over 5 in. long, made of colored glass, each securely packed in wooden case. Send this advertisement, with your name and address, and we will forward the pens. Sell them, return the money, and camera will be sent you all charges paid. Toledo Pen Co. Box 407 Toronto

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages, consist of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class, useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 35c. a box, or 3 boxes for 90c. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 401 Toronto.**

FREE 8-KEY CORNET

Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling only 1½ doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send your Cornet with complete instructor and a large collection of popular pieces, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co. Box 411 Toronto.**

BARGAINS IN LACE REMNANTS.

Here is a chance to get valuable, rich and elegant Lace for almost nothing. Having bought a big lot of laces at about a sixth of their real value, we are able to offer some most astonishing bargains. We put up large assorted packages, including some of the finest White Laces, Linen Torchon Laces in exquisite patterns, Spanish and Languedoc Cream Laces, Black Chantilly Laces, Guipure, Valenciennes, Oriental and American Laces, Swiss Embroidery Trimmings, etc., etc. Just the thing for trimming underwear, dresses, aprons, pillow-shams, tidies, etc. We send these Laces in various lengths from two yards up to four and five yards. Do not fail to take advantage of this grand chance to secure big bargains in fine Laces. Price per package, 35c; or 3 packages for 90c., postpaid. Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto, Ont.

FREE Wonderful Walking Doll

Beautifully dressed in satin, cut in the latest style, and nicely trimmed with lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Given for selling only 20 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money and we will send this beautiful doll, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO. BOX 418 TORONTO.**

FREE GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $30.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 25c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 429 TORONTO**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling at 15c. each only 10 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 420 Toronto, Ontario.**

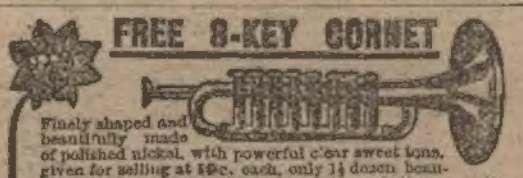
FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at 15c. each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 409, Toronto.

MAGIC LANTERN

with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. gold-topped ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. **They are easy to sell.** Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **GOLDALOID CO., BOX 419 TORONTO.**

FREE 8-KEY CORNET

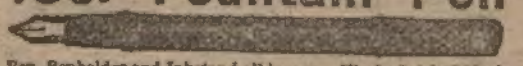


Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling at 10c. each, only 1½ dozen beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins consisting of three pretty flowers on a delicately enamelled green leaf. The best seller ever offered. Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send your Cornet with complete self instructor and a large collection of popular pieces, postpaid. **THE PIN CO., BOX 411, TORONTO.**

FREE

Handsome Silver Nickel Watch with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this handsome reliable Watch postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**

15c. Fountain Pen



Pen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one. Nicely finished black Japanned holder and cup, Nevada gold nib, and improved vulcanized rubber non-corrosive feed. Writes 5,000 words with one filling. Can be carried in the pocket safely, and will not leak. Is always with you, always ready, and writes continuously for hours when needed. If you want the biggest bargain you ever saw, send for one at once. Agents sell them fast at 25c each. Our price only 15c each or $1.50 doz., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE STEREOSCOPE

Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black hoods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life, **given** for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for perfume, sell it, return the money and we send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views, all charges paid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 425 TORONTO, Ont.**

Free INTERNATIONAL SCHOLAR'S Bible

1885 Pages. Clear new type on fine white paper. Old and New Testaments, 531 pages helps, references, Glossary, Concordance, etc., etc., also 16 beautiful full-page engravings and 16 full-page maps in colors. Overlapping flexible Morocco Seal binding, gilt edges, rounded corners and castle band. **Given** for selling only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $2.40, and receive this handsome Bible, postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 422, Toronto**